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JANUARY 20, 1951

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STORMY Weather

by L. A. CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY
LEONARD GREEN
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THE notice of the auction sale was tacked up on the green baize board in St. Aubyn's post office: "To be offered for sale at a public auction in St. Aubyn's market square on Wednesday, June 21, at 10 a.m. on the hour: the beacon known as Old Concord Lighthouse..."

Ruth Calder's eyes, a bright blue at any time, were starry as she read the notice. She had heard rumors of the disused lighthouse being rented again, then reports that it was to be demolished. But now it would be hers—all hers!

Already she could see the sign in Gothic script: "Ruth Calder's Handicrafts... Come To My Lighthouse," bright blue against the pure white of Old Concord's tower. Centrally located as it was on a spur of land jutting out from the little cluster of cottages and tiny shops which formed St. Aubyn's, the lighthouse was bound to attract holiday visitors. You could see Old Concord for miles. She'd have a light in the lamp-room at night and perhaps illuminated letters that spelt out her name...

Lost in a future golden with increased sales of home-spun scarves, of sea-shell novelties, gay pottery, and quaint old picture-maps of the Cornish town, Ruth was slow in becoming aware that a tall figure was blotting out the summer sunshine and that deep brown eyes were studying her intently.

"Well!" said a voice that awakened old echoes in her memory. "If it isn't the Calder child! You've washed your face! I wondered why I was so slow in recognising you."

"Oh!" Ruth's red head went up in anger and her slim body stiffened. "So you're back, Mr. Lennox, isn't it?—once renowned as a flounder-fisherman?"

"The same. And thank you, lady—thank you." Ivor Lennox bowed. "Seven years come Michaelmas since I last saw you."

"Seems like yesterday," murmured Ruth. "If the next seven are just as happy for me I won't grumble. I understand you've come home to paint. Where are your dungarees and your paint-pots and ladders and things?"

"I, Miss Calder, am an artist," Ivor Lennox said evenly.

"You'd better go now," he said, "or I might be tempted to throw you into the bay."

"I am going to paint seascapes that will set the whole country gasping."

"Really? Please excuse me now. I... I have a lot to do. Good-bye till 1957..." Ruth said flippantly.

She gathered up her parcels and hurried out with only a swift glance at Ivor. Really, she had to admit to herself, the years in the Navy had done things for him.

She and Ivor had been slanging each other ever since they were children. Once, she recalled with pleasure, she had pushed him off the pier after he had tied an eel round her neck.

"Child's stuff!" she muttered, banishing the memory. She climbed into her old open car and drove to her shop, at present lost between the bank and the grocer's. It wasn't very convenient or spectacular, but she wouldn't have to put up with it much longer.

"Just wait till I get my lighthouse," she told herself triumphantly. Old Concord was made for her handicrafts shop; and she had no fears of not getting it. The Calders were an important family in St. Aubyn's.

After she'd planned things for the day, she left her assistant to look after the shop and drove herself out down to the bay dominated by Old Concord.

Captain Ez, who had been the last keeper in the lighthouse, had moved a year ago to a white cottage he'd called Safe Harbor, overlooking the bay. Old Concord had been empty since then.

Please turn to page 10.





Pandemonium set in as a few dogs broke loose, and all the others tried to join them in their freedom.

May the Best Dog Win

By BIANCA BRADBURY

ELIZABETH DUCHAINE sat disconsolately beside her husband, in the front seat of the car. Behind her, the Irish setter Timothy leaned far out of the car, sniffing in the earthy scent of the day. Elizabeth was smartly attired in an expensive suit of hunter's green. Just the sort of thing to wear to a dog show. Edward had said so.

It seemed as though, lately, such things had become important to Edward. Lately, he had shown a tendency to compare her with other women. Such things, alas, left Elizabeth quite cold. Just as dog shows left her cold.

She could, she thought, take dogs or leave them alone. Tim was a true friend, just as he was, without benefit of a Kennel Club degree. And why a beautiful Sunday afternoon had to be devoted to acquiring more ribbons to add to his collection was beyond her.

The vague tune Edward had been whistling under his breath took form. "Who is Sylvia, what is she?"

"Edward," Elizabeth said politely, "would you mind very much changing the tune?"

"Sorry, Lizzie," he said, surprised. "What is it?"

"Who is Sylvia? As if," Elizabeth said, "we didn't all know who Sylvia is."

He laughed in a hearty male way. "Hah! Must be almost there," he added.

The traffic thickened, and they found themselves part of a cavalcade. They passed golf links, the greens shimmering in the hot Sunday sun, and the sound of dogs was vibrant upon the air. Edward drew

up and stopped. The air was filled with the sound of yapping and human voices yapping back.

But it wasn't the dogs, Elizabeth thought, it was the doggy people. Their everlasting conversation of dogs and points and the stupidity or the exquisite omniscience of judges.

Edward had snapped the leash on Tim's collar, and the beautiful tawny beast catapulted out and bounded towards the bedlam on the lawn.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked.

"In a little while," she said. "I'll sit and watch."

"There will be a lot of people you know," he said encouragingly. "Major and Mrs. Prescott. And Sylvia Mallory might show Debbie."

"Ah, yes," Elizabeth said.

"Well, now," he said, uncomfortably, "I don't see why you don't like Sylvia. She's crazy about you."

"Ah, yes," she said. "Run along, Edward. I'll come soon."

The lunging Tim was carrying him away, and Edward had to follow. His progress across the grass was undignified to say the least, and Elizabeth had to smile, for Edward several times came near to disaster as Tim tangled with other dogs and their proud dog owners. Tim, she noted, seemed to enjoy the performance.

Dog shows were against Elizabeth's principles; she held the truth self-evident that dogs, like humans, were entitled to life and liberty, and, in their case, the right not to be paraded in a ring. But I'm probably wrong, she told herself equably, for the dogs seemed to relish it.

A gleaming car drew up, and out of it stepped Major Prescott, and beside him was his lantern-jawed

wife. Both were tall and redoubtable. Two large Great Danes slobbered over the door. "Good afternoon, Elizabeth," the Major said, and the Major's lady fixed Elizabeth with a piercing eye. "Coming, Elizabeth?" she said crisply.

"I'll be along," Elizabeth said. "I just thought I'd sit here—"

Adela Prescott stared at her as though she had turned traitor in the middle of a battle. Then with a sniff she jerked one large dog after her and started towards the judging grounds at a lope. The Major followed with the other.

A car slid smoothly into place beside the Duchaines' car, and Sylvia Mallory alighted. Every shining blonde hair in place. And such an air of sophistication—bravely facing the world, although she had lost her husband by divorce and not by death.

Sylvia was everything, Elizabeth idly reflected, which she herself was not.

Sylvia had spied her, where she crouched in the front seat enjoying a cigarette. "Oh, I'm so glad you came, darling," Sylvia said. Her cocker was yapping deafeningly. "Come along, darling!" Sylvia cried gaily above the din. "You don't want to miss a thing?"

Oh, don't I, darling? Elizabeth thought gloomily, but slid out of the car. With a swirl of brown and white fur eddying around her feet, she crossed the lawn at Sylvia's side.

Edward, seeing them coming together, beamed. "Ah!" he said. "I wondered if you'd turn up, Sylvia."

Sylvia looked at him, surprised, a look which said, And why shouldn't I, since we had a date to meet here? "Have you met Dr. Bascomb?" she

said hastily. "He's judging the sporting dogs to-day. He's a distant cousin of mine. You must meet him."

Effusively she greeted the judge, reminded him quickly of the distant cousinship, and with an affectionate hand on Edward's arm drew him forward. Other dog owners fell back sullenly. It wasn't done, Elizabeth saw—this fawning on a judge before the show began.

But she could not retreat, for she was too entangled with the cocker spaniel and Tim to extricate herself, and when she found herself face to face with Dr. Bascomb she was relieved. The charming effusiveness of the blonde Sylvia obviously irritated him. His thin grey moustache twitched and he said "How do you do" in a tone of clear dismissal. They had to retreat, as the crowd pressed forward again.

"Now that's all right," Sylvia said happily. "Now he'll remember us when he sees us in the ring."

Edward, Elizabeth noted with relief, had also disliked the way he had been thrust on Dr. Bascomb's attention. "Bascomb's a good man," he said stiffly. "Sound man on sporting dogs. He judges solely on points."

"Oh, but it always helps to establish a little friendly relationship beforehand," Sylvia said. From a large bag slung over her shoulder she produced combs, scissors, and brushes, and got down on her knees. Edward did the same.

Elizabeth glanced around. The militant Mrs. Prescott was solicitously wiping the nose of the Great Dane, which slobbered on her shoulder. The country club lawn had turned into a vast beauty salon,

and Elizabeth had to grin. Even the yapping was muted while the bevy of beauties received the last-minute pruning and preening.

Edward, glancing up from his labors, caught the grin. A bluish stain on his cheek. He must have caught in his wife's eyes a reflection of how odd he looked, for he jumped to his feet.

Tim shook himself, and the air was filled with flying red hairs. Tim was laughing at the whole idea too, Elizabeth sensed comfortably. He put his damp nose in her hand and wagged his plume of a tail when her hand absently touched the itching place behind his ears.

"Careful," Sylvia warned. "Don't muss his head. Edward's got it just right."

Elizabeth leaned down. "I guess if I muss up my own dog, it's just too bad," she said to Tim. Tim understood; the comradely look leaped into his eyes.

"You just don't understand," Sylvia said earnestly. "Perhaps this isn't a very important show, but it is important that the dogs get experience in the ring. My Debbie needs only a few points to make a champion. Of course you want Tim to win, too."

Boredom and annoyance were vying for first place in Elizabeth's emotions. "It doesn't matter—" she began. She was saved by the loud speaker. "All cocker spaniels in the first ring!" it blared.

"Oh, dear, that's me. I'm scared to death," Sylvia cried, and fled across the grass, a shining, flopping dog at her heels.

"Let's go and watch Sylvia," Edward said hastily. "And we've got

Dogs are not social climbers. Unlike some humans at the show they did not assess values by the blue ribbons awarded.

to remember this sort of thing means a great deal to her."

"But why?" Elizabeth demanded reasonably. "A collection of points doesn't mean a dog is a better dog, any more than a collection of degrees after his name makes a man a better man."

"Sylvia thinks it does," Edward said. "And we have to be nice to her. After all, she's had a pretty rough time."

"What do you mean, a rough time? Good grief, she's got more money than she knows what to do with. She divorced Ben because he drank too much. And why did he? Because he couldn't stand being married to the perfect wife!"

They had reached the ropes which marked off the ring. "You're quite wrong," Edward said. "Sylvia's been wonderful. She's been a good sport. Why is it," he said quietly, "that one woman always has her claws out for another woman?"

Elizabeth turned to him, astonished, and her mouth flew open. This was not like the Edward she had known and loved for so many years. Edward had agreed with her in the past, even on her views of Sylvia's marriage and divorce. Suddenly she felt a little sick.

The judging had started. Five cockers trotted self-consciously by, their heads held high. There were four other contestants in the ring with Sylvia. The judge held up a hand, and they went down on their knees to set up their dogs. This was the part Elizabeth hated, this jerking of docile, intelligent dogs into position to be stared at, poked, and studied.

Sylvia, intent on arranging her Deborah, nevertheless managed a shy, appealing glance for the judge. Dr. Bascomb strode along the line, examining each dog. When he finished, he picked up the ribbons. From the sidelines, Elizabeth heard Sylvia's appreciative cries. For Deborah had won the blue. Sylvia ran out of the ring in a happy flutter of skirts and dog.

Edward did not meet Elizabeth's eyes. "Good," he said. "Those other cockers were fine dogs. Sylvia's got a right to be pleased."

Yes, Elizabeth thought gloomily, and what did it prove? That Deb was a better dog? No! Not in the things that mattered about a dog—its gaiety, the faithfulness it mirrored in its eyes. That a judge, even a man who appeared as sternly impartial as Dr. Bascomb, could be fixed by an appealing flutter of eyelashes and a reminder of cousinship? Maybe.

If that was so, the whole show was phony, and she wanted Tim to have no part of it. She sank down on the grass, the sun warm on her back, and Tim lay with his head on her knees, watching the strange performance from the safety of her lap. All she wanted was to get herself and her dog out and away.

But now the loudspeaker was calling in the setters. Edward pulled Tim up. "Good luck, Edward," she said. He was too annoyed with her to answer.

Sylvia came and stood beside her. "Was a lovely little Deborah," she crooned in a silky ear. "Mother's so proud."

"Nuts!" Elizabeth wanted to

snarl. She glanced with distaste at the tawny cocker.

Edward had completed the circle in the ring, and now was setting Tim up. Like the good beast he was, Tim conformed, even to the indignity of being clutched painfully by one jowl while Edward held his tail high. Dr. Bascomb was taking a long time over the dog ahead of him, and Tim stirred restlessly, caught Elizabeth's eye, and wagged his tail. That threw him out of position and Edward had to arrange him all over again.

Tall, earnest Edward, he of the impenetrable dignity, looked embarrassed. The crimson blush was creeping up his neck again, and Elizabeth grinned wickedly, inside. What was the power of a sophisticated blonde like Sylvia that she could lure a man of Edward's sterling worth into such a piece of silliness as the one in which he was now engaged?

"He's set him up very nicely," Sylvia observed. "Now, if he'll just catch Dr. Bascomb's eye, the judge will remember him. Oh dear, Tim's getting restless. I do so want Edward to win!"

"Why does it matter so much?" Elizabeth asked. She waved her hand in a sweeping gesture. "Why does it matter to all these people?"

"Why? Why? Because it enhances the value of the dog."

"You mean, you could sell your dog at a higher price?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't dream of selling my precious Debbie!"

"But dogs aren't social climbers," Elizabeth said. "They don't care."

"Social climber!" Sylvia's bland blue eyes blazed. "So that's what you think of me, Elizabeth!"

Please turn to page 26

ILLUSTRATED
BY WYNNE
W. DAVIES

Sylvia came and stood beside her but Elizabeth was not in the mood to talk.



Wynne W.
Davies



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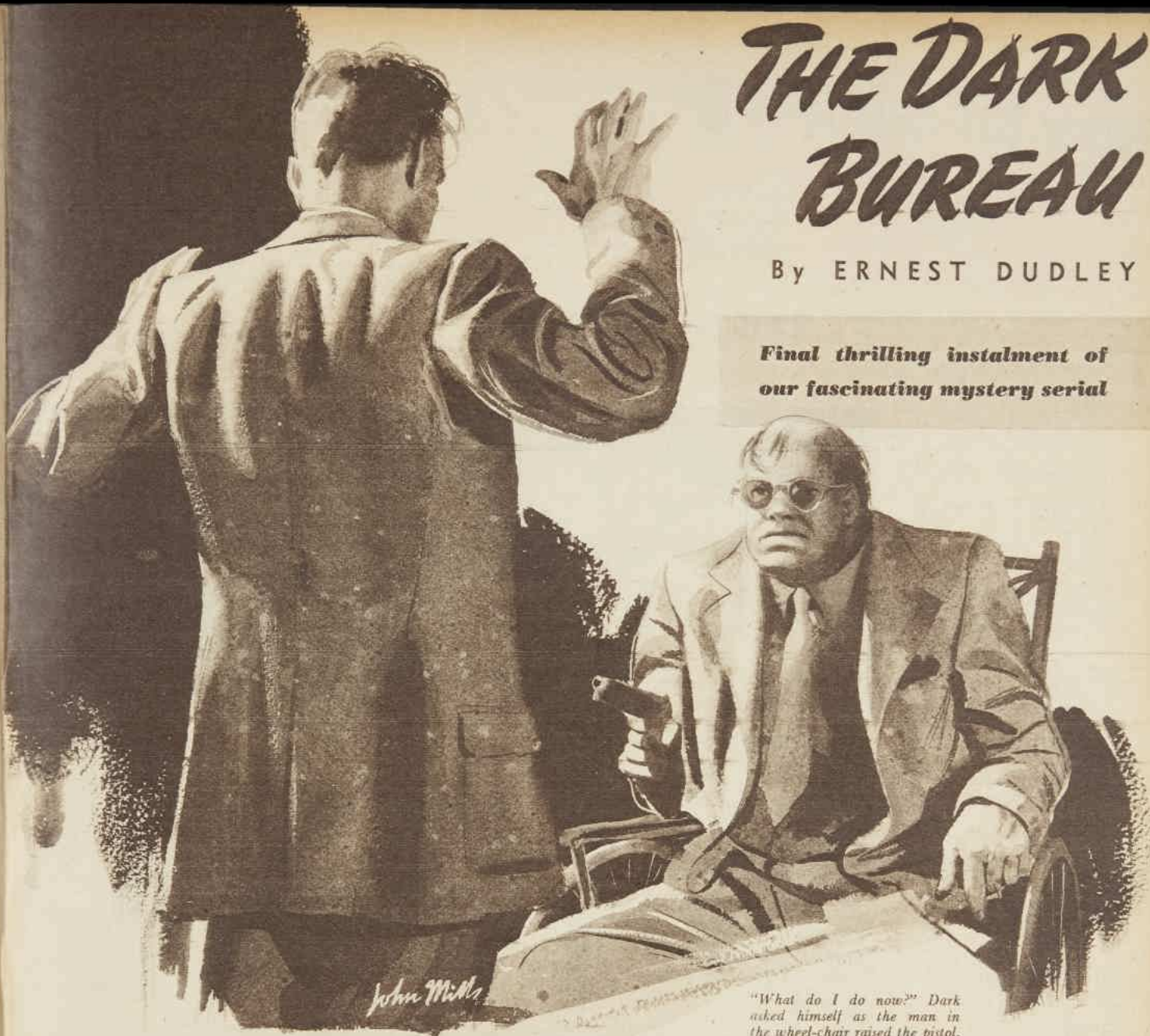


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THE DARK BUREAU

By ERNEST DUDLEY

Final thrilling instalment of
our fascinating mystery serial



"What do I do now?" Dark asked himself as the man in the wheel-chair raised the pistol.

EDDIE FAGAN jerked his head in the direction of the room where he knew the man in the wheel-chair would be waiting.

"I'd better let him know you're here," he said. Nita Bennett made no reply. Nervously she watched Eddie dump her two suitcases in a corner and then straighten himself.

"What do I do?" she said. "Wait here?"

He nodded shortly. "Just that," he said. "If Drew or anyone else comes snooping around tell 'em you're waiting for me, and I'm in with him."

"Who's Drew?"

"Pet stooge," Eddie told her briefly, and she eyed him with quickening interest. Before, whenever she'd asked him questions about the people he worked with, a clam couldn't have been less informative.

At the door behind which the man in black spectacles was awaiting him, Eddie turned and glanced back at the girl. He caught her look, the turned-down corners of her mouth as she gazed about her. With a grim little smile to himself he went into the room.

When he'd finished talking to the brooding figure in the wheel-chair the silence continued for so long, it hung so heavily over the room, that Eddie thought the other must be asleep. The great mass hadn't seemed to stir, the black glasses had remained fixed and staring and empty.

"So that was what it was," Eddie said again, licking his dry lips. "She wasn't going to stay in London and get pinched, so I had to bring her here."

Still silence.

Eddie was about to continue muttering, anything to ward off the intolerable quiet that seemed to surround him in waves, and then the soft whispering reached him.

"Even if they hadn't felt sure about the girl before, they can be certain she's concerned with this business now." Subdued as his tones were, the concentrated venom in his voice brought the sweat in little beads to Eddie's face.

Eddie broke in protestingly: "They must have been on to something, or they wouldn't have started asking about her. Should she have stayed around, waiting for them to pull her in?"

"There was nothing they could have pinned on her," was the swift retort. "Even if they had picked her up, what could they have got out of her? Unless she deliberately blabbed. Nothing. Precisely nothing. They could have suspected her only of having some information regarding Archer and the Malone girl. If she'd played dumb—an attitude you've been instructed to impress upon her always to adopt—"

"I'd always tipped her off about that."

"Then she couldn't have been held for a moment." Coldly the low, sibilant voice went on. "But now, by allowing her to panic, by bringing her down here of all places, you've not only encouraged them to believe their suspicions near the mark, but you or the girl, or both, between you, will have left behind you some clue which must inevitably bring them down here like a pack of hounds."

"I tell you, there's no chance either of us could have left—"

"I have not finished speaking," the whisper continued. "When I have, there will be nothing for you to say. You are a fool, I should never have trusted you. I will give you

one chance to make good the damage you've done with your muddling. It should be a simple enough operation even for your obviously limited talents."

Eddie stood there cowed and sullen.

"Get back to London immediately," the man in the wheel-chair instructed him. "Get to work on all your contacts. Find out exactly what Dark and his mob have uncovered as a result of your cursed girl running away."

"Keep in touch with me, let me have every piece of information you pick up. Use your ears. Keep your mouth shut. Work fast. Now get out, and"—the whisper sent deathly cold fingers clutching at Eddie's heart—"this is your last chance."

Eddie stumbled out of the room. Nita Bennett was waiting for him. She stared curiously at his drawn face.

"What's biting you?" she snapped at him.

He pulled himself together and gave her some idea of the verbal lashing he had undergone.

When he ended, Nita moved closer to him.

"You and me could work together, Eddie," she murmured. "We don't always have to think of keeping with this set-up. We'd make a smart team, you and me, you know we would. And what could be a better time than now, Eddie? Before it's too late."

"You must be crazy," he told her. "We wouldn't stand a chance. He'd fix both of us if it took him twenty years. Our only chance is to stick where we are."

He crossed to the suit-cases in the corner and, picking them up, jerked his head at the girl, indicating her to follow him. After a moment she went up the stairs after Eddie.

Please turn to page 24

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 20, 1951

Page 7

How far can you go on a *New Hat?*

By
DWIGHT HUTCHISON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

THE school bus honked when they were half through breakfast. The clock was playing up again! Lisa pulled the twins from the table, upsetting a glass of milk, hurried them into their coats, clapped a hat on each head, and rushed them out. John wailed for his toast and Paul wailed to come back and kiss her good-bye. The bus moved out of sight and she remembered she had left the washing-machine going.

Lately, as soon as she left the room, the top screw thing leaped off and the paddles rose and splashed water on the floor. Before she could reach the kitchen the telephone rang. She skidded to a stop and went back to it. "No, this is not Rosita." The screw had not leaped, but she had left the water on and the floor was afloat. So it was to be one of those days?

She swung the wringer around and started to wring the now thoroughly rinsed clothes into the basket. The first thing through, her best little apron, caught, wound around the rollers, and tore exactly in half. She yelped in rage. And then the phone rang again.

It was Bill calling from Chicago. "I'm fine," she told him. "The twins are just great."

"What do you think? I'm not coming home to-night. M. J. is sick and I'm going on to Hot Springs in his place. Three-day convention. Pretty soft, eh? I don't suppose you could send my golf clubs. I'll have to rent some."

"Oh, Bill . . . don't wives ever go along to those conventions? I need a few Hot Springs so badly."

Bill laughed. "Why, Lisa, use your head. What would you do with the twins? It would take you a week to get ready—new clothes. And what would you use for money?"

"I've got a new hat," she said plaintively, eyeing it on the table. She had put in the last stitches at ten-thirty last night.

Bill laughed again. "How far can you go on a new hat? You ought to see the get-ups on some of the wives that came along to Chicago," he added cruelly. She was silent. "I'm sorry, dear, we'll see if we can't get Mrs. Hill in soon and you can go visit your mother for a few days."

"Thanks. That will be dandy." She hung up on him.

This time it was the other tub that had overflowed. She went straight to the couch and cried. She hated old washing-machines . . . kitchens . . . telephones . . . men. Men go to Hot Springs and play golf. Women visit their mothers and do all the mother's spring house-cleaning.

Anything unfair about that? Oh, no, not at all. "I've never taken a trip anywhere. Everyone goes places but me," she wailed. "I'm a slave, Hot Springs!"

She sat up and wiped her eyes. She shouldn't have washed to-day; it was going to rain. That meant loaded baskets all over the place. Women let themselves in for trouble—they have slave natures, martyr complexes. Men just slide out from under. She let the words come out bitterly. Prisoners get to love their chains . . . Not me. Not any more.

Her eyes alighted on her new hat, and she tried it on before the hall mirror, getting a hand mirror to study the back. It was terribly silly—but cute. The big rose jiggled when she breathed and the bright blue velvet ribbon was wild. If only she had somewhere to go, to show it off! She'd make Bill take her out as soon as he got back. The same old Kopper Kettle, probably, and the one-fifty dinner.

She took off the hat, hesitated, and then put it on again determinedly. She went upstairs, changed quickly, ignoring the unmade bed, slipped on her coat, and went out—not even glancing at her old prison-cell kitchen.

Actually she was merely going shopping, but to walk out in the middle of washing, to leave beds unmade, was rebellion. Especially wearing such a silly hat.

In the self-service she pushed her basket around picking up luxuries. When Bill shopped with her he never could resist olives and fancy cheese, even right after a serious talk on budgets. "Women are slaves," she repeated, tossing chocolate-covered peanut brittle into the waggon.

She was about to check out when Marcia Beatty hurried over. "Darling—what a cute hat! Saw it across the store and just had to find out who was under it. Look, lamb, take these pretzels, will you? I only came in to cash a cheque and I don't like to ask them to do it without buying something. I'm on my way to town. Lunch. With a dark stranger. Don't tell!" She gave a roguish smirk and threw the pretzels into Lisa's waggon.

Lisa put the pretzels right back on the shelf. She should eat Marcia Beatty's cast-off pretzels! Marcia Beatty's romantic date made her rebellion seem small-time stuff. Leaving her washing to do her shopping! Surely she could do better than that.

When she came to the service desk she said she wanted to cash a cheque for ten dollars. She had a balance of eleven-seventy-two to last five days. "And may I leave these things by the door? I'm going in to the city. I'll pick them up this afternoon."

She would have lunch in some snappy place, look at clothes



The shop windows fascinated Lisa as she hurried down the French quarter.

Everything went wrong in New York that morning, but little Lisa knew she would be in New Orleans that night

she couldn't ever afford—try them on, maybe. And come home in time to meet the school bus. She wasn't doing this just for herself, but for all of them. Mothers mustn't let themselves get down. Martyrs are very disagreeable people to live with.

Just as the train came in she suddenly thought of the rinse water. Had she left it running? Was water pouring all over the floor and down into the oil burner? If it was, it was. That was just a typical slave thought. She climbed on to the train.

At the next station an old lady came down the aisle, smiled at Lisa, and then suddenly stopped and looked about her, startled. "Oh, dear. Oh—oh, what shall I do?"

Lisa hurried to her. "Can I help you?"

"I thought that was Charles. He must have missed the train. Please stop it—quickly; stop it."

"I'm afraid it can't be stopped now. Come and sit by me. Have you your ticket?"

"Yes, I have my ticket and this little bag. My son Charles has all my other bags. He went to take the car to a garage." She sat on the edge of the seat, twisting her purse

handle in her gloved hands. She wore one of the loveliest mink coats Lisa had ever seen and the purse was a dream. Lisa hid her shabby handbag beside her.

"Your son will probably come on the next train," Lisa said. "We'll wait for him in Grand Central. I'll wait with you. You'll be perfectly all right."

"But then I'll miss the plane—the plane to New Orleans." She took out her ticket as though she wanted to verify where she was going. There was a roll of money inside her purse. She counted them over. They seemed to be all one hundred dollar bills.

"I seem to have money enough, but I don't know how to get to the plane," she said. "And Charles was going to speak to the stewardess. I've never flown alone." The hand that raised the handkerchief to her lips shook violently.

"Now don't you worry one bit," Lisa said. "I'll go right to the airport with you and turn you over to the stewardess." What assurance it gives you to protect the helpless! No wonder men are the way they are after generations of it.

The old lady said nothing, just took slow breaths. "I hope I'm not going to have an attack," she whispered.

Lisa turned quickly. "Would you rather go home? I can take you back."

"No. Peggy is going to meet me. And Charles is going away to-day. Salt Lake City or maybe Seattle. That's why he can't go to New Orleans with me. I'd better go, but I'd feel much safer if you'd go with me."

"Go to New Orleans with you!" Lisa laughed. "I could hardly do that."

"You could fly right back to-night if you had to. It doesn't take very long. It's much further to Rome. My son had a young man in his office go to Rome with me. He flew right back the same day. My daughter lives in Rome, she's married to a count. Such a name—I can't pronounce it. He's Italian. Her first husband came from Maine."

"I couldn't possibly go," Lisa said pursuing the fantastic notion. "The expense—"

"It costs very little to fly. I'd buy your tickets both ways, of course, and I'd gladly pay you, too. It would be worth anything to me to have you go along. We thought of wiring Peggy to come for me, but she's going to have a baby. She lives at Pass Christian. You'll like her house—she sent me a picture of it out of a magazine. You'll buy the tickets and all that, won't you?"

She was asking Lisa to go to New Orleans as she would ask her to cross the street with her. While I stay home slaving, Lisa told herself, everyone else goes flying around. The money means nothing to her. She really needs me. Why not go? It would be a great joke on Bill. So it would take her a week to get ready! Ha! "How far can you go on a new hat?" She'd show him.

"I'd have to go the way I am."

"You look all right. I noticed your hat when I got on. I used to have one like it years ago. Joseph thought it outlandish." She giggled. Then she looked off into space.

"Joseph died a good many years ago. He never used to let me go places alone. Charles doesn't seem to realise—I told him I didn't want to go alone. Don't you know anyone who would go with me?"

"But I'm going. You won't be alone a minute. I'm going to fly right to New Orleans with you." She was telling Bill, telling all men who go off to conventions, telling all women who stay home.

She found she could get a seat on a plane leaving New Orleans at ten o'clock, giving her about four hours to sight-see and getting her home right after breakfast. It was too, too simple! She phoned Hilda, who lived next door, and asked her to get the twins off the school bus and keep them overnight. Hilda was wonderful with them and loved to have them play with her children.

"I had to come to town suddenly," she explained, "and now I find I shall have to spend the night. Tell the twins I'll bring them a shrimp creole."

"Wha-at?" Hilda asked.

"Never mind. I'm a little crazy. I'll explain all to-morrow."

She learned Charles' last name—Mortimer... it would be—and phoned his home and his office. Mr. Mortimer's mother had met a woman who was going on the same plane to New Orleans, she told them, and she was perfectly all right. He was not to worry. It sounded better to say she had met someone rather than, "She picked up a woman and invited her to go along."

They drove to the airport. Everyone, so pleasant and cordial. How easy life is for the moneyed! She hoped she looked like someone getting on a plane to go to New Orleans and not like a housewife running away from a secondhand washing machine. She wished she didn't feel so guilty. Bill and the twins were not going to come running across the field shouting, "Mummy, come home!"

They had a divine lunch and then they landed in Washington, coming in so low she could see all the Government buildings white and clean in the sunshine. She woke Mrs. Mortimer to get out and stretch her legs.

"Is this New Orleans?" she asked. It was lucky Lisa had come along.

She asked the stewardess if they flew over Hot Springs. They didn't. She could have dropped Bill a note. Passing by, sorry not to drop in. Poor Bill. She had been mean to him on the phone. But he had laughed at the idea of her going to Hot Springs.

The earth was in sight most of the way. She stared down at the red roads going on and on, branching, joining, into towns and out. Finally they went through a heavy rainstorm and came down on to an airport, appearing out of the mist just where it should be. They were in New Orleans.

She woke Mrs. Mortimer. "Here we are, safe and sound."

"I had a good nap," Mrs. Mortimer said. "But I'm hungry. I thought they would give us lunch."

"But you had lunch, just before we landed in Washington."

"Did I? Did we go to Washington?"

No. Peggy met them, but there was a message. Mrs. Mortimer was to go in the bus to the Toulouse Hotel and take a room. Her granddaughter would pick her up there.

"It's lucky I came," Lisa said for the fourth or fifth time. She was disappointed not to turn Mrs. M. over. After all, she had only a few hours before she flew back.

Driving to the hotel, between craning her neck this way and that, she planned what she would do. If she and Bill had come to New Orleans they would have prepared for it weeks in advance, read up all about it and planned every minute of their stay. New Orleans had always been just a city way down south where they eat fancy food and act rather wild—or maybe that was only in Mardi Gras time. There were beautiful iron balconies, she remembered. Bill's cousin Marge went to New Orleans two years ago. Lisa tried to remember all Marge had said. You eat at Antoine's—pompano and some kind of oysters. She would have money enough for dinner with what was left of her ten dollars. Of course it was dull being alone, but there was nothing she could do about that.

Once again she was convulsed at the absurdity of going shopping in the middle of the washing and ending up in New Orleans. "I heard so much about Antoine's," she would say to Marcia Beatty the next time she saw her. "I couldn't resist running down for dinner the other night." That should hold Marcia and her luncheon dates.

In the hotel room, Mrs. Mortimer thought she would lie down. She didn't care for any dinner because she had had a good dinner before leaving home. Her memory was certainly working on one cylinder. On the bus she had asked Lisa if she lived in New Orleans, apparently forgetting completely the circumstances of Lisa's coming. But did it matter? Lisa was being well repaid for taking care of the poor thing. She didn't want gratitude.

She sat in the bedroom and the minutes passed, the precious minutes. There was a Tourist Guide in the room telling you "Where to Go! What to See! Where to Shop! in America's Most Interesting City." She read it from cover to cover. Take two hours reading what to see in New Orleans and have an hour left to see it in!

Finally she said, "Mrs. Mortimer, I'm going downstairs to get something to eat. I'll be right in the hotel. Don't you worry, I haven't left you. Look, I'll put my coat and hat right here so you'll know I haven't gone away." Mrs. Mortimer smiled and closed her eyes again.

She went into the hotel restaurant regretfully—the one meal she might eat in New Orleans in all her life! She ordered gumbo and crab and everything Southern, but she didn't enjoy it much because she felt guilty at leaving Mrs. Mortimer after she had told her she would stay right with her until her granddaughter took over. She hurried through, but then before she went back upstairs she looked out the front door. The doorman said that was the French Quarter right there. It was a narrow street, almost like an alley, brilliantly lit, with all shops open, and crowds walking up and down. Surely she could just walk up one block.

She hurried, tearing herself from window after window—a Mexican shop, a food shop with jars and packages and bottles and baskets. She went in and brought pralines for the twins and a box for Hilda. Back to the hotel quick—quick. She mustn't even walk twenty-five feet to look at that balcony. It was silly—women are over-conscious. Part of their slave natures. They also think they are psychic and intuitive. Nothing could have happened. How could it? But the door to 813 was locked!

The right floor, the right room. She rattled the handle and called. Mrs. Mortimer slept constantly, but lightly. She woke if you barely whispered her name. Suppose she had "an attack." Whatever her attacks were. Suppose she had died while in Lisa's charge!

Please turn to page 40



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Stormy Weather

Continued from page 3

CAPTAIN EZ had a mast above his cottage where he flew flags and storm signals. Now, though it was a glorious summer day and Ruth could have sworn it would remain so, he had a storm-signal flying.

"Hallo, Captain Ez," she called. "Why are you flying storm signals? It doesn't look like a storm to me."

"No?" The old man squinted at the ship he was making. "I think I'm old enough to know when there's stormy weather in the offing."

She looked at him suspiciously as she prepared to drive on. "Now what's on his mind?" she asked herself.

She turned into the lower coast road and drove close to the lighthouse, got out of her car, and ran up the winding path. Then looking up she saw Ivor at the railed balcony.

"You . . . You . . ." She tried to keep her voice low, but, after all, he was far away and she couldn't help shouting: "You get off my lighthouse . . . get off and stay off!"

"Your lighthouse?" The grin faded. "Why, what do you mean . . . your lighthouse? This is my lighthouse. This is going to be my studio."

He came down the spiral stairs with a speed that made her gasp and stood on the weatherbeaten stones beside her.

He took hold of her arm and looked as if he were going to give her a good shaking. Instinctively, she backed away.

"You'd better go," he said. "I'm tempted to throw you into the bay. I've always wanted this lighthouse dreamed about it."

"Well, so have I." She glowered at him, but kept moving away. "I'm not giving it up to you."

He moved again, and this time she ran.

Captain Ez was still sitting on the beach in front of his little white cottage as she passed, and the storm signals still flew above it. He looked at her, then up at the storm signals.

"See what I mean, Ruth?"

"Yes, I see what you mean, Cap'n Ez! You knew I'd find Ivor Lennox down at the lighthouse, didn't you?"

"I'm not taking sides," said the old man complacently. "You two've fought since you were kids . . . always will, I suppose. But I wish you luck with the lighthouse, Ruth."

"Thank you, Captain," said Ruth darkly. "But I'll bet you'll wish him the same."

During the summer Ruth lived with her Aunt Caroline some miles inland, but to-night she was remaining in the little town for the local yacht club's annual dinner. Lester Bradley was taking her.

She was dancing with Lester when Ivor Lennox appeared.

"If I may, Mr. Bradley, I'd like to borrow this priceless pearl for a while."

"I don't care . . ." began Ruth.

Before she could protest any further, she found herself in Ivor's arms.

"In that slinky white dress and

with that gold-leaf skin and that gorgeous Titian hair and blue eyes . . . why, little Ruthie Calder, how you've grown! And how beautiful you are!" he said teasingly.

In spite of herself, in spite of Ivor's bantering tone, she found herself listening to his deep, drawing tones, listening . . . and liking what he said.

Finally he led her out on to the verandah in the moonlight. A big arm went about her and he bent quickly and kissed her.

There was silence for a while and then she said: "You wouldn't want to take a lighthouse from a girl you care that much about, would you, Ivor?"

"Oh! So that's the reason for the 'sweet little girl' act, is it? Well, when it comes to that, you wouldn't want to take an old lighthouse from a boy you like enough to let him kiss you, would you?"

They glared at each other for a long moment that froze the moonbeams.

"See you at the auction," said Ivor grimly, and turned to leave her.

"I'll see you . . . and raise your bid every time," Ruth called after him.

The days dragged along. Ruth didn't go back to Old Concord Lighthouse again. She had an idea that Ivor would be there, painting or fishing from the gallery.

And Ivor didn't come near her until the day before the auction, and he wouldn't have come then, most likely, if she hadn't driven up to Captain Ez's little cottage just when Ivor had called.

RUTH greeted Captain Ez and ignored Ivor, but he refused to be ignored.

"Ruth," he said, "let's be sensible."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Never mind the formalities! I mean, it's like this: There's just you and I who want Old Concord—just two bidders. Now why . . . why, I ask you . . . should we pauperise ourselves by bidding against each other until we're broke?"

"We shouldn't. All you need do is not bid. You don't need the lighthouse the way I do . . ."

"All right," he nodded darkly.

"All right, you obstinate idiot. We'll see what we see."

"Good luck . . . both of you," grinned old Captain Ez. "I can't take sides . . . I've known you both for too long. Stubborn young fools, the two of you."

He waved a hand to each of them as they moved away in opposite directions.

Ruth had always had a grim battle to wake up in the mornings.

She had worked late the day before the auction and it was almost nine o'clock that eventful morning when she came down to breakfast.

She drank the last of the coffee Aunt Caroline had made for her, said good-bye with a "Wish me luck, Aunt Carrie," and ran out to her old car.

She turned the key, pulled out the choke and starter, and stepped hard on the accelerator. Nothing happened—not a squeak out of a vehicle that could make more noise than a steam-roller. She tried again—and again.

She scrambled out and banged up the rusty bonnet. Then she gasped. The distributor-head had gone!

This was no accident. Someone had done this mean thing on purpose. She stared glassily at the aged motor that had served her so long and so well. There were no other cars for miles around; there was no telephone.

She went back into the house, changed her shoes for heavy brogues, and started out on the long hike to St. Aubyn's.

Please turn to page 22



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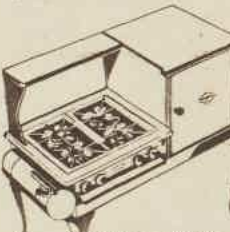
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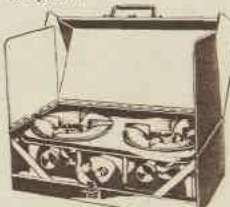
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Operation Heartbreak

By Duff
Cooper

First of four long instalments of this provocative and intriguing novel by Great Britain's former Secretary of State for War.

It was a long way from the capital to the coast, and they had been obliged to leave very early in the morning. It had been cool, then, but now, although it was not yet midday, the three occupants of the car were suffering from the heat.

The Military Attache was also suffering from the wound which had incapacitated him for further active service. It still caused him, at times, acute pain. He would have thought it unmanly to say so, although it would have secured him sympathy and forbearance. He preferred to vent his misery by bullying his subordinates, being rude to his equals, and insolent to his superiors.

He had recently arrived at his new post, and was anxious to lose no time in becoming acquainted with his work. He therefore resented bitterly having to spend a whole hot day attending the funeral of a brother officer whom he had never liked.

The Chaplain was equally unhappy. During a residence of several years he had acquired the habits of the country, which did not include long drives over bad roads in the heat of the day. He had put on weight recently, which he regretted, but he had no wish to lose it in the way he seemed likely to do in the next few hours.

He was beginning to wonder in what state his collar would be when it came to conducting the service. Not that it would matter much what he looked like or said, he reflected bitterly, as nobody except his two companions would ever see him again or understand a word he was saying.

The third occupant of the car had been looking forward to the day's outing, and was determined to enjoy it. The Assistant Military Attache was a very young officer, whose health had caused him to be sent abroad, in the hope that he might benefit from a dry climate.

He was well aware of the growing discomfort of his elders, which afforded him a good deal of amusement.

"It's getting nice and warm," he said cheerfully, as the Chaplain for the third time mopped his brow. "I suggest we stop somewhere and have a drink."

The Chaplain and the Military Attache hesitated. Each was determined to take the opposite line to the other and therefore waited for the other to speak first.

At last the Military Attache said, "There's nothing fit to drink in this country, and there aren't any decent pubs."

The Chaplain pursed his lips. "I think that a glass of cold water would be very refreshing."

"As good a way of getting typhoid as any other, I suppose," grunted the Military Attache.

"The ordinary water in this district is singularly pure," said the Chaplain. "If you won't take my word for it, you can doubtless obtain mineral water."

"Well, we should have to order something," said the Military

Attache. "It would hardly do if a great big British Embassy car drew up outside one of these miserable little inns, and three full-grown men, in their best clothes, jumped out and asked for three glasses of cold water for the good of the house. Remember, these people are neutrals, and we want 'em to remain so, and not to drive the whole country into the arms of the enemy. Use your imagination, Padre, if you've got any."

The Assistant Military Attache felt that he could accept the argument as qualified assent. "May I tell the chauffeur to stop at the next likely place, sir? I've got a flask of whisky in my pocket, if you'd care for a whisky-and-soda. We can easily get soda water, and personally I like the wine of the country."

Now, a whisky-and-soda was the one thing on earth that the Military Attache most wanted, but all he said was, "Very well, you can do as you wish."

A few minutes later the three of them were sitting in the cool shade of a great tree with two bottles before them, a jug of water, and a bowl of ice.

The Assistant Military Attache, who knew more of the language than either of the others, had slipped into the role of master of ceremonies. He first half-filled the Military Attache's glass with whisky from his flask, and then poured in the mineral water. The Military Attache saw that it was strong, but felt he needed it.

He was in pain, but determined not to show it. He could sleep during the rest of the journey, and all he had to do at the end of it was to stand to attention.

The Assistant Military Attache helped himself to wine, and then, seeing that the Chaplain was gazing rather dejectedly at his glass of cold water, he leant over and poured some whisky into it, saying in reply to the feeble protest, "Come on, Padre, you know you like it, and it will kill those awful typhoid germs that Colonel Hamilton was talking about."

The Chaplain allowed himself to be persuaded. The Assistant Military Attache looked at his watch.

"We're well up to time," he said, "and can afford to relax for at least a quarter of an hour."

Peace came to them as they sat there, stillness after speed, shadow after sunlight. Irritation and animosity were smoothed away. The Assistant Military Attache was sensitive to atmosphere, and felt that the moment was favorable for putting questions that he had long been wanting to ask.

"It's a strange business, this funeral that we're attending," he hazarded.

"It's much stranger than you suppose," replied Colonel Hamilton, sipping his whisky.

"He was in your regiment, sir, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so. There's nobody else of that name in the Army List."

"Was he only recently promoted?"

Please turn to page 45



Willie sat apart, unable to rejoice. "The war's over and I've missed it," he thought wretchedly.

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JANUARY 20, 1951

Page 11

KIWI WHITE CLEANERS GIVE EXTRA WHITENESS TO YOUR SHOES

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MODELS for these aboriginal figures were people of the Central Australian Pitjantjatjara tribe, with whom William Ricketts, Victorian sculptor, spent four months last summer. He regards Australian aborigines as "more civilised than the white man."

Sculptor dedicates life to bush beauty

By ELIZABETH HANSON, staff reporter

A war against the destruction of Australian trees, bush dwellers, and bush beauty is being waged by a 47-year-old Victorian sculptor.

He is William Ricketts, who lives with his 84-year-old mother, Mrs. W. Ricketts, in a log cabin on four-and-a-half acres of mountain bush near Olinda, Mount Dandenong.

RICKETTS' campaign is a peaceful one. His belief for which he seeks expression through his work—is: "When man learns to honor the beauty of all creation, when he learns to build and preserve rather than destroy, then, and not till then, shall he be fit to inherit the earth."

He is sensitive and publicity-shy. When I called to see him, he spoke hesitantly of his work and aims.

"So few people understand that the life of a bird, or a tree, or a small bush animal is sacred—even as human life is sacred," he said. "I have no words to express this, so I put my feelings into my work."

The result is the tenderness of his symbolic clay figures, and the vehemence and power of the larger pieces into which he channels his horror at the destruction of huge areas of the Australian bush by fire and axe.

Critics who know Ricketts' work believe he has something important and lasting to contribute to Australian culture.

Yet he is self-taught, has never seen the inside of an art school, knows little about contemporary art, and did not turn to sculpture until he was 35.

Years of frustration and struggle lie behind this small, delicate-looking, fair man, who lives a life

of spartan simplicity and has dedicated himself to his work with almost religious fervor.

"I started off in the gutters of Richmond," he said simply. "I thought I wanted to be a violinist—but I chose the wrong medium. I learned to play, and fiddled away for 11 years in a city theatre orchestra to earn a living. It was all precious time wasted."

After Ricketts had discovered his creative medium in sculpture, he became so absorbed, so passionately anxious to make up for lost time, that he bought four and a half acres of virgin country, built himself a log cabin, and, undisturbed, began to create a gallery in the solitude and beauty of the Dandenong mountainside.

Because Mrs. Ricketts believed in her son, the only artistic one of her four children, she forsook her little house in the Melbourne industrial suburb of Richmond and "went bush" with him.

"Somebody had to see that he was fed and looked after," she explained. "I like it here, although I miss the trams and the shops. Still, I have the birds and my wireless for company."

"It's a lonely life, but I think Bill is right in having taken the step he did."

Ricketts works almost exclusively in clay, orders it by the hundred-weight, and has it sent up from Melbourne.

His models range from tiny heads weighing a few ounces to huge figures taking more than a quarter-



MRS. W. RICKETTS, the sculptor's 84-year-old mother, takes him a cool drink as he works at the firing kiln baking clay models. "He would forget to eat if I didn't remind him," she says.

ton of clay. They are baked in a brick kiln he built himself.

After the clay models have dried they are baked for several hours at a steady temperature of 1100 degrees.

They emerge looking like old, mellowed sandstone—a perfect texture to blend with the natural settings in which they are shown.

His "Mountain Gallery" is now one of the local sights. The work is exhibited in grottoes of rock and clay carved out of the mountainside, reached by winding paths overhung with ferns and flanked by tall gums.

Each year hundreds of visitors climb the steep path leading up from the roadway to the gallery. They may find the workmanlike brick kiln still warm, but few ever catch a glimpse of the artist.



WILLIAM RICKETTS examines a nest of tiny rufous wren built in a burnt tree. Ricketts carved tree to show limb raising cudgel in vengeance on bush fire.



MAN OF MUSGRAVE RANGES symbolises the wisdom of the unspoilt heart given to the sculptor by a member of Pitjantjatjara tribe in Musgrave Ranges, in north-west South Australia. Original figure is larger than life-size.

When inquisitive visitors are about, Ricketts takes shelter behind drawn blinds.

He works in the kiln at night, firing it with coke, carefully tending the clay models, which must bake for many hours at exactly the right temperature.

It is a long, arduous job. Too much or too little heat will explode the precious models. Often Ricketts is up all night tending the kiln and maintaining heat at the necessary steady level.

During the day he works in his "strictly private" studio at the back of the cabin.

A feature of the Mountain Gallery is a wishing well, to which visitors may contribute a silver coin so that the work of the artist may continue.

These tributes and the occasional small commissioned jobs he will undertake only when necessity compels are enough to keep him going.

William Ricketts has simplified living to bare essentials. He is a vegetarian, non-smoker, non-drinker. The greater part of his earnings go to financing trips to the hinterland to study the aborigines.

Ricketts specialises in aboriginal myths and legends. He interprets these with subtle tenderness, depicting groups of aboriginal men, women, and children against a background of sweeping sandhills and rocks. Most are symbolic of the aboriginal belief: "All life is one; nature and man share the same life, and nature cannot die."

He regards the aboriginal way of life as far superior to that of the white man, who has become a victim of his own mechanical age.

Until last summer, when he went in the far north-west of South Australia for four months, his knowledge of aborigines was gained from Sir Baldwin Spencer's "The Arunta."

He was not disappointed when he sought first-hand knowledge of the Pitjantjatjara.

"They are wonderful—happy, full of laughter and

kindness," he said. "They accepted me into the tribe, and I was admitted to sacred tribal corroborees and able to watch the wonderful spectacle of many dark-skinned people, painted with the ritual markings of ochre and pipeclay, chanting and dancing far into the night. The scene was lit with small campfires and whole burning bushes of spinifex which dotted the hillside."

In April, Ricketts plans to rejoin the aborigines for another few months. He does not feel that he is escaping from civilisation, but rather finding it.

FURY at senseless destruction of bush beauty is symbolised by satyr with axe embedded in dying tree. Ricketts says: "I don't often let anger get the better of me—it destroys power of thought."



Previously he had travelled by trailer, relying on inland-bound trucks or cars to give him lifts. Next trip a friend will lend him a car.

But William Ricketts will travel alone. Nothing and nobody must interfere with his singleness of purpose.

For that reason, marriage is something he has never contemplated.

"I can't afford to waste time," he protests. "Marriage would set my work back five years, and my work is all that matters."

Ricketts is now engaged on huge, larger-than-life figures depicting the mystery of creation.

They are part of a long-range plan for exhibition overseas. For although Ricketts has held only one official exhibition, and will consent to do very little commissioned work, he is recognised as far afield as Norway and U.S.A.

Among his treasures is a letter from the deaf-dumb-blind Helen Keller.

He says: "This wonderful woman at once sensed the full meaning of the work although she 'saw' it only with her fingers."

"I have never met her, but a sample of my work was presented to her while she was lecturing in Melbourne at the Blind Institute. When she returned to America she sent for a larger piece. I made her a bird-bath, with small figures wreathed around, which I believe she now uses in her garden."

Helen Keller wrote to the person who introduced her to Ricketts' work: "As I passed my hand over Mr. Ricketts' sculpture of the aboriginal I was thrilled, sad, and delighted by turns. The thrill came from the experience of the old man through whose long hair and flowing beard the winds from the mountains and deserts were blowing their message of strength and liberty."

"I blessed Mr. Ricketts for his humane efforts to save some blossoms and fruits of that unique growth . . . and to impress on other races the eternal oneness of mankind."

Agnes de Saint-Phalle Mathews

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4 ozs. Copha • 3 eggs • 4 tablespoons milk • 8 ozs. sugar
1 tablespoon coffee essence • 1 level teaspoon salt
8 ozs self-raising flour

Have ready a greased and floured square tin 9" x 9" x 1 1/2" (approx.). Place the Copha in a saucepan. Put all the other ingredients (except half the flour) all in together in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt! Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm—not hot. When melted pour it over the contents of the mixing bowl, the batter should be warm for easy beating—test with the tip of your finger.

And Mix! Beat for 5 minutes with a rotary beater or 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer.

Now you're ready for baking. Pour mixture into square cake tin and bake 35 minutes in moderate oven (350°F Gas). When cool, spread with your favourite chocolate or coffee frosting, top with nuts.



More! Mello! Mum! they'll cry
when you serve...

Mello Cherries on Velvet

Pretty as a posy in cherry-picking time—this delicious cool dessert for hot summer days. The family demands a cold dessert this weather—and Mello's so simple and quick to make. Don't simmer over a hot stove this summer. Just add milk to Mello and bring to the boil—Presto! You have creamy-rich, luscious Mello dessert. See how their mouths water for "More Mello, Mum!"

1 packet Vanilla Mello • 1 pint milk
Cherries (stewed or preserved)

Prepare Vanilla Mello as directed on the packet. Crown its melting golden goodness with a rosy gift of cherries. Chill and serve with pride in your favourite serving dish. 4 ample helpings.

Just as creamy and delicious with any kind of fruit—fresh or tinned—so ring the changes with apricots, pears, plums or peaches.



3 HEAVENLY FLAVOURS...

CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • CARAMEL

Our doctor discusses—

Does smoking cost too high a price in health?

By an Australian medical specialist

To say that people pay for their smoking is no facetious reminder that the price of cigarettes and tobacco has risen and may rise still further in the unstable economy of the present day.

It is more concerned with the person than the pocket, inflated though the latter may be. It is presumed that smokers know what they pay in cash, but may not realise what they may be called upon to pay in terms of health.

SMOKING had a lowly origin as an imported habit from the American Indians. It has been called a filthy habit and a vice. Yet crowned heads and courtesans have enjoyed its pleasures; and even the shy curate had his draw and the insignificant beadle his puff.

Nevertheless, smoking has always seemed somewhat shameful: one of the unsanctified pleasures that never quite won full approval.

Hence there have always been, among non-smokers, people who condemned the habit and held up the bogey of disease—that hypothetical disease which was said to undermine the physical health, to stunt growth, and, in addition, to bring about the inevitable moral deterioration which accompanied it.

King James I provides a case in point. His Majesty hated many things; but there were two that he could not abide. These were witches and tobacco. He wrote books about both. But whether, in the latter case, it grew from a rooted objection to the smell of smoke clinging to the tapestries of his court, whether his anaemic stomach turned sour at a cigar, or whether his Queen rejected the amatory advances from one whose breath was tainted with tobacco, his "Counter Blaste to Tobacco" (1604) is probably the earliest denunciation of smoking and smokers.

Though it was among the first it was certainly not the last counterblast to be hurled at this simple pleasure.

First brought to Spain, tobacco was introduced into England just four centuries ago by Sir John Hawkins, and smoking was given an immediate vogue among adventurous people who followed the example of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

As a habit it caught on rather quickly among the wits and writers of the time, who seemed to glory in following so devilish a pastime.

Smoking met with violent opposition in certain European countries. For a time it was a capital offence; and in one of the Swiss cantons it was incorporated with the Ten Commandments.

Nevertheless, and in spite of King James, the records of the seventeenth century seem to indicate that smoking and chewing tobacco were firmly established practices which became more widespread with the passing of each century.

Though Moll Cutpurse smoked a pipe like a man, and Chopin's mistress, George Sand, often appeared in public with a cigar, "ladies," as a class, did not smoke.

But many women and children of the so-called lower orders did not scruple to indulge. This may have been due to the fact that cigarette smoking did not become popular

until after the Crimean War. It was, after all, the cigarette which finally led the ladies astray.

Most found chewing repulsive, cigars not to their liking, and pipe smoking more a male prerogative. But the cigarette offered a temptation not so easily set aside. What had been regarded as social daring became, with the end of the First World War, an accepted acquisition.

Women, sharing an even greater equality with men, acquired men's pleasures. The social upheaval caused by the Second World War merely multiplied the members and made confirmed smokers of those whose indulgence had previously been casual and infrequent.

When public opinion forced the moralists into an indefinite retreat the attack against tobacco was taken up from time to time by the chemists and pathologists.

The chemists' first counterblast to tobacco was the discovery of nicotine, a poisonous alkaloid, in tobacco smoke. Nicotine is a very powerful poison, and there is no doubt that it lurks in the fragrant vapor of

from pipe to cigarette smoking there has occurred a change in the locus of cancer.

At one time it was not uncommon to find the pipe-smoker (especially those addicted to the despised "clay") develop cancer of the lip or the tongue where the hot stem of the pipe irritated the delicate mucosa.

Now with the cigarette smoker who generally inhales, cancer of the lung is more often seen.

Only a generalisation is possible at present; but it would seem that as the cancer of the lip declines, cancer of the lung increases.

Among the carcinogens (factors thought to cause cancer) of tobacco smoke is a substance known as benzpyrene. But this is also known to be produced in certain tars, particularly in those obtained from high-temperature distillation.

Taking this into consideration, it would seem that research has not proceeded to the point where either tobacco smoke or certain tars may be blamed or excused as containing the cancer-producing substance.

The question is further complicated by the suggestion of certain chemists that carcinogens may exist in lighter fluid or come from paraffin-impregnated matches.

What seems undoubtedly true, and gives us pause to think, is that in the past twenty years cancer of the lung in England and Wales has risen 10.4 fold in men and 5.6 fold in women.

This considerable increase in bronchial cancer may be subject to no single cause, although it corresponds to an increasing sale of cigarettes.

The likelihood is there, but not the proof.

Just because a rat develops cancer of the skin after experimental irritation with tar does not prove that the smokers' lungs become cancerous because benzpyrene has been discovered in tobacco tar.

Other well-known pulmonary irritants, especially those associated with certain industries, would need to be excluded in any investigation of the likely chance that tobacco smoke was carcinogenicous.

Many people smoke without really knowing why they do it.

Imitation would certainly supply the reason for many. We are all pretty confirmed imitators. Children see adults smoking, and so they want to do the same.

Nowadays, most of them do—furtively at first, but more blatantly later on. And they continue to smoke for a variety of reasons.

Habit is the chief of these. For some it is a pleasant habit, easily relinquished if necessary. For some it gives a feeling of self-confidence, a sense of self-importance.

It makes social intercourse easier for others: it cuts the ice more quickly.

Many find smoking a mild sedative, an aid to relaxation. For others again it is a neurotic necessity. Without it they seem lost, concentration goes, and become irritable.

Smoking relaxes the valve of their pressure-cooked emotions. To be deprived of tobacco is more painful to them than having the toothache.

And as our civilisation becomes more frustrating more people are



SMOKING IN BED is a widespread habit. Some people like to settle under the sheets for hours to read and chain smoke. Many find a final smoke and a brief read necessary to induce sleep.

likely to succumb to such artificial aids as smoking.

We believe that in many cases it does little harm; but medically speaking we are not quite happy about it.

And as we are not likely to adopt the Eastern hookah or hubble-bubble or revert to the "nostril tubes" of the Incas, and as we are unlikely to relinquish so decided and necessary a piece of social behaviour as smoking has become, something may soon have to be done about eliminating the carcinogenic substances from tobacco smoke.

Perhaps the "filter tip" has the germ of an idea, or the long cardboard cylinder, peculiar to Russian cigarettes, in which condensation of the more volatile fumes occurs before the smoke reaches the mouth, may offer a means.

The tobacco companies may soon be forced to take some action.

Anyway, the time is not far distant when those chemists and pathologists who have already established certain facts about benzpyrene must pool their resources and endeavor to seek out a way of separating what may constitute a real danger from the mass of prejudice, and the occasional scaremongering which clings to the use of tobacco.

Yes, we pay for our smoking in more ways than one: a transient headache, a furred tongue, loss of appetite, a diminished taste perception, an irritable heart, broken wind, and perhaps cancer of the lung.

The list is not conclusive. And the price may seem too high for the pleasurable return it brings.

But at present the majority of smokers do not appear to think so.

• This is the first of a series of articles, which will appear fortnightly, by an eminent Australian medical specialist.

These articles will discuss topics of current interest and will keep our readers informed of latest findings and opinions of world medical authorities.

burning tobacco. The cigarette smoker, according to the chemist, habitually carries in his pocket, in the shape of a large packet of cigarettes, sufficient poison to bring about his death—if he could smoke his cigarettes quickly enough.

It has been estimated that if a person smoked at the rate of ten cigarettes an hour he would absorb sufficient nicotine to cause death.

Yet how many spirited people seeking a way out have committed suicide with a cigarette? Even the most hardened chain-smoker does not get through his ration at the rate of one every six minutes.

He may light 10 cigarettes an hour, but he does not smoke them. They are left in the ash-tray or stubbed before they are finished.

Further, the question of tolerance must be taken into account. This is a variable factor, but one which plays a protective role in the case of the cigarette addict.

Thus it is quite reasonable to imagine the non-smoker making himself very sick with five cigarettes an hour, while the confirmed smoker, having developed tolerance over the years, might smoke 100 cigarettes a day without much more than a headache.

Last of all the counterblasts is cancer. The smoker, having inhaled poisonous fumes with impunity, is now thought to be exposing himself to the ravages of bronchial cancer. With the change



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37'

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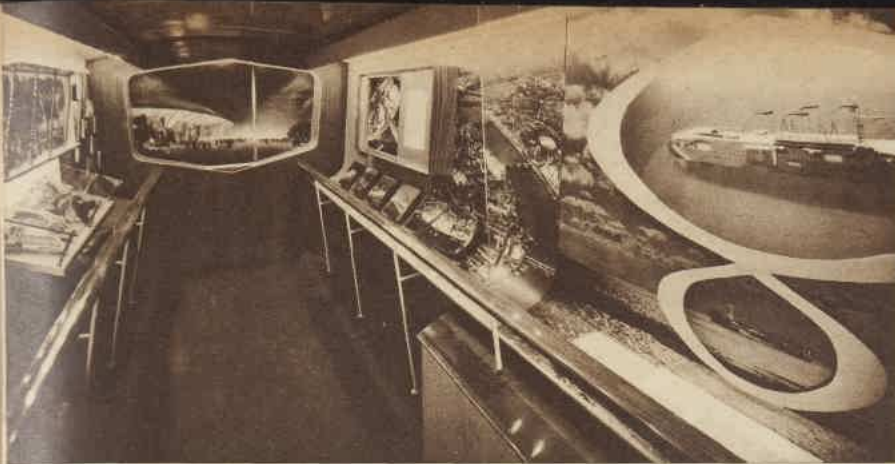


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MF4 WW/I.—For the discriminating and fashion conscious we include this lovely COTTON SUN FROCK. Styled with fashion necessities, this garment may be worn for the more informal occasions, and by the inclusion of waist-length jacket becomes a more formal garment when required. White grounds with predominating shades of Red, Blue, Green, and Autumn tones. 85W, 8W, W, XW, 29/11.

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LOWER DECK of one of the double-decker buses converted into an exhibition gallery. Mural at right shows the Festival ship *Campania*, which will tour British waters this year. At far end of bus is painting of the *Dome of Discovery*, one of the exhibition buildings now being built for the Festival of Britain.

London buses tour Europe for Festival

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

Four red London double-decker buses converted into travelling exhibitions have completed a successful 4000-mile tour of Western Europe to publicise the Festival of Britain.

The buses were manned by a crew of seven Cockney drivers.

THE drivers brought their buses back to London without once losing their way and with hardly a scratch. They did not have a single mechanical defect on the whole tour.

Two members of the London Transport Executive staff took the buses by ship to Oslo, where the tour commenced. Drivers and personnel flew over.

The itinerary took them down to Marseilles, then to Paris, and home via Dunkirk.

None of the drivers could speak any of the languages of the countries—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, and France—through which they passed.

"We just did without any palaver," the drivers told me when I met up with them at one of the terminal stations of the long London bus routes.

"Just a Cockney joke, a bit of a grin, a jerk of the old thumb, and plenty of patience, and we had the crowds in nice orderly little queues going in and out of our exhibition buses before you could say Jack Robinson."

In 56 days' showing 122,000 people saw the travelling exhibitions. They went through the buses at the rate of 250 an hour.

As there are only three double-decker buses running in Europe, most Europeans were suspicious of the exhibition buses.

"They were all frightened they'd get 'seasick' if they took a ride on top," one driver said.

"We drove on secondary roads most of the time through isolated villages," said a Festival officer who went on the tour. "Farmers seeing the buses coming would drop their ploughs and run telling everyone on the farm to come and have a look. As we passed there would be a face at every window of the farmhouses."

But the double-deckers were sheer joy to the children of Western Europe.

"Their greatest thrill was going up the stairs," the drivers said. "And did we have our hands full!"

The Cockney bus crew were impressed by the cleanliness of Holland and by the stubbornness of the Dutch farmers, who would "sit in their haycarts all day on the road waiting for the other fellow to make a move."

The docility of bus visitors at the cosmopolitan seaport of Marseilles surprised them, because no amount of their coaxing had been able to make other French crowds stand in orderly queues.

In all Western Europe there were none so happy at seeing the buses

as the families of men serving with the British Army of Occupation.

"We made them homesick," the drivers said. "Many of their children had never seen a London bus before, although they had been born within sight and sound of the Bow Bells."

Greatest hazard on European roads were the hundreds of cycles in Holland. The drivers also were uneasy in the traffic of Brussels, where no driving test is necessary.

Hitch-hikers, many of them British, would laugh and wave the buses on. Some tried to thumb a lift. "You've still got to pay on a London bus," the drivers would shout.

The long route was carefully planned in advance. British Embassies and Consulates made most of the arrangements for exhibition sites and accommodation.

Some of the difficulties that had to be anticipated and allowed for were low bridges, or those unlikely to bear the weight of the buses, and low-hanging traffic wires.

The highly organised schedule allowed no time for unplanned expeditions. However, the four buses detoured to a mountain top outside Dijon, France, to visit patients in a T.B. sanatorium.

Four little girls in national costume came down from the hospital to a wine-blessing ceremony the drivers were attending to beg that the buses be taken up the mountain pass.

"It was so touching we just had to go," the drivers said. "When we got up there and the patients were wheeled on to the verandahs to see us, we heard 'God Save the King' being played from a scratchy gramophone record they had dug up in our honor."



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CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

SR.49.WW142g



FESTIVAL BUS being slung aboard the *Silvia* at Millwall Docks, London, for the Channel crossing to Europe.

DRIVER of one of the four London double-decker buses touring Western Europe to publicise the Festival of Britain shakes hands with the driver of a French bus in Paris.

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KEEP A TUBE IN YOUR BEDROOM IN YOUR BATHROOM IN YOUR KITCHEN

MEDIUM, 1/6
LARGE, 2/4
GIANT ECONOMY, 3/6

93/120

BOOK REVIEW

by AINSLIE BAKER

Anyone troubled with overdue bills, lack of confidence, lecherous or cantankerous employers, or most of the minor ills of life has only to read "Anybody Can Do Anything" to feel a lot better.



WHAT Betty MacDonald did for chicken farmers' wives in "The Egg and I" and for sanatorium inmates in "The Plague and I" she has done for just about everybody else who walks in an upright position and can read in "Anybody Can Do Anything."

Her elder sister Mary is the heroine of a book in which Betty has a fine old time (and, incidentally, provides one for her readers), telling how the Bard family beat the depression of the early '30's.

When Mary was 20 and Betty 18, Betty married. "While Mary changed jobs and met people, I raised chickens, had two children, and didn't meet anybody," Betty MacDonald writes. "Finally, in March, 1931, after four years of this, I wrote to my family and told them that I hated chickens, I was lonely, and I seemed to have married the wrong man."

Betty went back home to live and talked of going to night school to study for a business career. Mary told her not to bother. "The world is crawling with people who can take down and transcribe somebody else's ideas. We're lucky, we've got ideas of our own."

"There are only two ways to apply for a job," Mary told Betty. "Either you are a Kick-Me-Charlie, and go crawling in, anxious for long hours and low pay, or you march in to your prospective employer with a Look-Who's-Hit-the-Jackpot attitude, and for a while, at least, you have both the job and your self-respect."

Mary presumably forgot to add "and get fired," for in the following years of working for her living while her mother minded her two small daughters, Betty came to notice that it was usually the Kick-Me-Charlies who kept their jobs the longest. But they didn't have as much self-respect or meet as many people as she and Mary did.

The depression years hit the Bard family hard.

However, there would usually be



BETTY MacDonald

from two to 10 extra for dinner, Mary during the day having invited anyone she felt sorry for. Some were brilliant, some bodes. "Mary didn't care. They were alive, or at least pretended to be," Betty recalls.

One night a young man, not knowing that the electric light had been cut off, remarked languidly: "You Bards absolutely delight me. You have a simple meal of vegetable soup and toast, and then make it elegant by serving it by candlelight."

The telephone was not cut off because Mary saw the president of the company and said: "A telephone and telegraph company is a public service operating under special grant from the State. If you cut off my telephone you will not be performing a public service and I will sue you."

Security of a kind came to the Bard family when Betty (through Mary) got a job working for the National Recovery Administration.

"One of the first things I learned and loved about the Government was that I wasn't the only bonehead working for it," she says. "There were thousands who didn't know what they were doing but were all doing it in 10 copies."

She was passed by the N.R.A. to the Treasury Department, and there caused a resounding scandal by running off her Christmas cards on the office mimeograph, before distinguishing herself further by collapsing with tuberculosis. How she was cured provided material in after years for "The Plague and I."

Betty later remarried, and was working for a contractor when Mary met a publisher who was looking for new authors. Not knowing any, Mary immediately said, "My sister Betty writes brilliantly but I am not sure how much she has done on her book."

Betty says: "I had so little done on it I hadn't even thought of writing one," but she gave up her job, wrote for a year (taking new jobs whenever she felt discouraged), and the result was "The Egg and I."

"Anybody Can Do Anything" is published by Hammond, Hammond and Co. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Editorial

JANUARY 20, 1951

FEWER CUPS OF TEA

TEA now costs the householder 3/10 a pound, plus, through taxation, some of the seven millions the Federal Government spends in subsidising it.

If there were no subsidy the consumer would pay 6/- a pound.

It would appear that tea has been accepted as a necessity too casually in the past. All that is over.

The new price makes it a luxury.

When the Federal Parliament celebrates its centenary in the year 2000, doubtless glimpses will be given of the richer life lived earlier in the century when tea was a commodity.

Scenes in three dimensional television technicolor could show swaggies getting a handout of a billy of tea at the homestead door . . . and of pyjama-clad figures bringing in billics of milk and making morning tea as a daily rite.

Hero of such a programme would certainly be Mr. Harry Heemskerk, Victorian baker, who drank 90 cups of tea in the Melbourne Town Hall way back in 1950 to prove what a taste he had for the stuff.

The housewife of the future may well have some as yet undiscovered substitute for tea, but the housewife of 1950 must regard the price rise with dismay.

She will now often put off making tea—just for herself—and as a result, not only will she miss the tea, but the pause in her busy day that helped to allay fatigue.

Homemakers, far too tired through lack of help, and the elderly, with but slender resources, may well find this latest price rise makes their burden almost insupportable.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

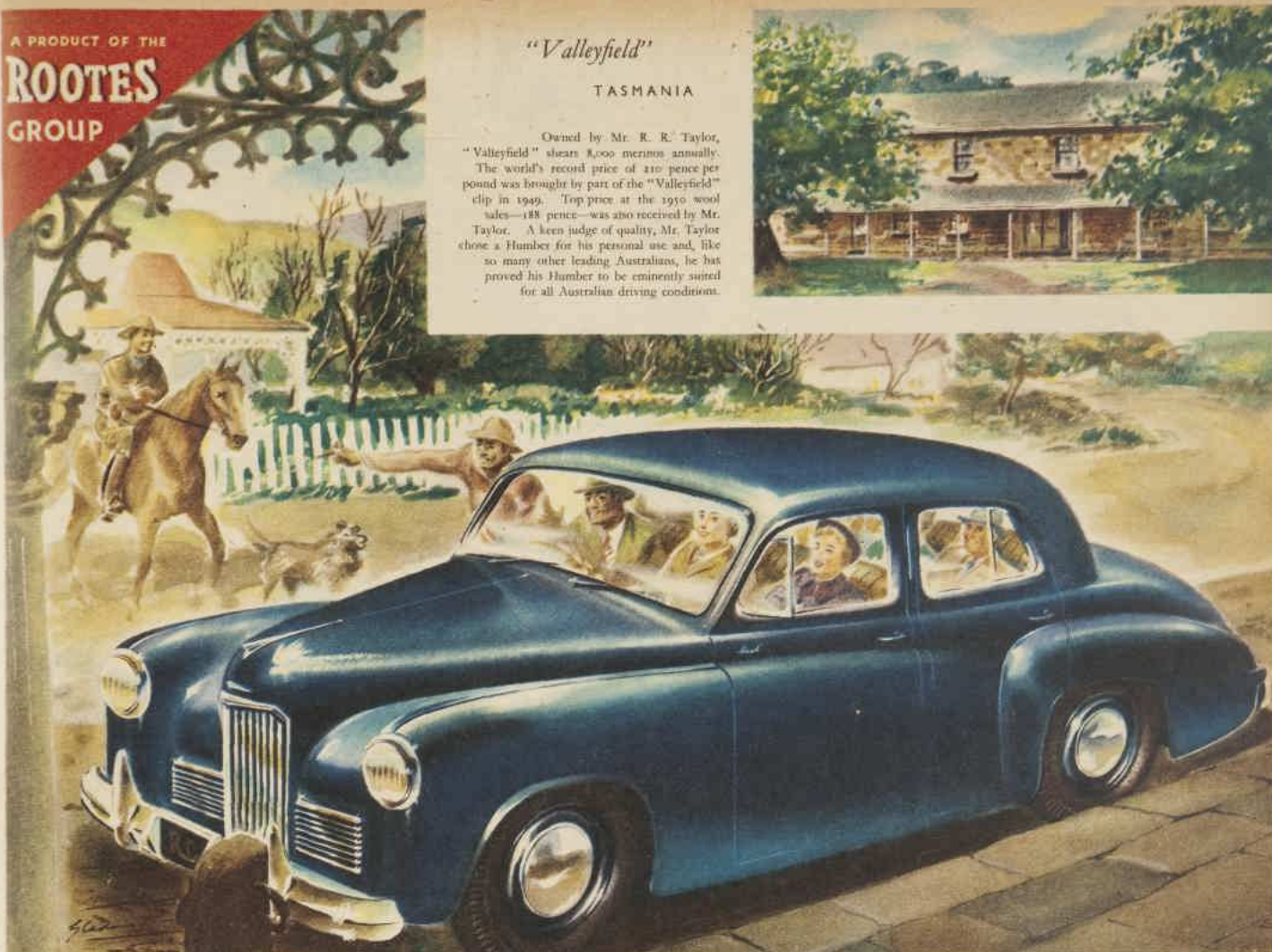
By GUS

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RISES TO THE OCCASION — PERFECTLY

HAZEL



"ONE-MOMENT."



"Who wouldn't eat their food if it came like yours does—in steaks?"

It seems to me . . .

CAFE proprietors were quick to deny the charge of the Women's Freedom League in England that they give larger servings to men than women.

The cafe people say, probably quite truthfully, that they couldn't care less whether the portions they dish out are for males or females.

I take it that the Women's Freedom League is another organisation fighting for women's right. Regular readers of this column already know my forebodings on that subject. Briefly they amount to this:—I'm all for equality, provided we retain privileges as well, and there's a danger that in nagging at small points we may lose the privileges.

To my mind one of the privileges is the right to be considered gentler, more ethereal creatures (while being as tough and tigerish as we want to whenever our purposes warrant it).

The idea of us as more ethereal is bolstered by the notion that we eat less than men. I'm all for it. We can always emulate the young lady (described in the limerick) who stoked up in the kitchen. ("To eat at the table she never was able," it ran.)

If the Women's Freedom League members really think that some cafes balk them of their money's worth, then I would suggest that they don moustaches and dark glasses next time they go out to dine. But don't make a public issue of it, for goodness' sake. Let us cling to what shreds of feminine fragility are left to us.

IN January the woman shopper is torn both ways—the shops begin to open their winter clothes at the same time as bargain sales are in full cry.

For some there's a three-way pull. Those paying their Christmas bills try to avert their eyes from next season's coats and last season's half-price sandals.

Some women make up their minds early in life about everything—politics, men, and clothes. For them there's no problem.

If they can afford it they buy in advance of the season. If they can't they buy at the sales, but whichever way they do it, the winter finds them with their sweaters organised to match their suits, the spring with the field flowers already on a hat.

The rest of us, in a state of eternal indecision, are alternately beguiled by the idea of getting in early to the first openings of stocks, or the entrancing notion that next year's problems could be solved economically by a wild sortie on the sales.

THE important thing about bargain sales, as in so many things, is to know your own character and limitations.

Either you are a bargain-getter, or you are not. The necessary attribute isn't so much physical strength—though that helps—as a decisive mind.

You must have the kind of qualities that go to make a good general, be confident of victory, unabashed by defeat.

Having failed to achieve the objective in the half-price towel department, you must quickly make a strategic withdrawal to the crockery. You must, furthermore, convince yourself that the crockery was the more desirable objective. It is fatal to have doubts about the value of the booty. Confidence is everything.

AN English colonel has invented a mechanical morale booster which cries "Bravo," "Good Show," and bursts into laughter at the owner's jokes.

Better than a wife!



Dorothy Dean

IN a world full of tragedies there's still room for a silent tear on behalf of Arthur, the Mirambeau pig.

If you haven't read the story, here it is. It happened last month in France.

A farmer called Camille Alleron returned from a 5000-mile walk round France. With him came Arthur, his pig, who, when he started off on the journey with Alleron, was only a baby of 22lb. On return he weighed 250lb.

So—here we come to the climax—when Alleron came back with Arthur the townspeople gave a banquet to celebrate. And what do you think they did? They ate Arthur.

I don't know why, in the first place, the farmer set off on a 5000-mile walk and why he took a piglet. These details were not recorded in the cabled version. It is only natural that with so much of magnitude to be reported—so many wars and fears of wars, so many speeches by national leaders, so many disasters involving human beings—that the story of the farmer and the pig should be reduced to its bare essentials.

Perhaps it's better so. It leaves such room for speculation. Did the farmer feel no compunction at eating the boon companion of his travels? Did the townspeople in their junketing at the banquet spare no thought for the monstrous unkindness of the action?

Had Arthur been a dog, cat, or a horse, the thing could never have happened. He was unlucky in that, as a pig, he didn't have the sentimental appeal of the others—and, from all accounts, was likely to taste a great deal better.

Ah well, perhaps we should not weep for Arthur so much as for his master, who, after such a long companionship, must surely have been a little ashamed of the way he brought home the bacon. And, if he didn't feel ashamed, why then, we should feel all the sorrier for him.

IT is rather difficult for those of us whose Scottish and Irish ancestry is mixed and diluted by a few generations in the Antipodes to take seriously the great stir about the theft of the Coronation Stone.

To me the theft seems in bad taste, and rather silly. But to regard the stone as more than an interesting hunk of tradition seems unrealistic in the world of 1951.

Certainly there are national prides involved, but that the taking of the Coronation Stone should stir them up so bitterly smacks of the stone age rather than the atomic age.

SKETCH of a Sunday night tram:

Rattling and swaying the tram grinds on with its load of sober humanity.

Absent the Saturday drunk, looming the prospect of Monday.

Hikers and scouts and picnicking couples, tired and sandy and grimy.

Sunburn beginning to smart, eyelids with weariness drooping.

Young couples with strollers, the child asleep, or wakeful, fretfully crying.

And females with bunches of flowers, who've been to the suburbs to tea.

(One of whom is probably me).



CRICKETERS' RECEPTION. English batsman Len Hutton (left) with Barbara Hogbin and members of the N.S.W. team Jim Burke and Alan Walker at the reception given by the High Commissioner for Pakistan and Begum Haroon at the Australia Hotel for the M.C.C. and Australian teams.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Geoff Knox and his bride, formerly Jane Brondbent, signing the register at Jane's home, "Merigan," Mount Fairy, after their wedding at St. Philip's, Bungendore, 14 miles away.



BACK IN MELBOURNE. The Hon. Simon Warrender and Mrs. Warrender, formerly Pamela Myer, who were married in London some months ago. They have a flat in Melbourne, but plan to build a home in the country and raise stud cattle.

Social Gittings

"As thrilled as a cat with ten tails" is how Mrs. Ken Mackay describes the reaction of her father, Mr. Curtis Skene, when he received news from America that his polo-playing son Bob has been made a ten-goal player.

Bob was named in the U.S. Polo Association's 1951 handicap list as being raised from an eight to ten goal player because of his outstanding play in the Californian and national tournaments. He plays with the Beverly Hills Club. Curtis, who is the "daddy of them all" in Australia's polo-playing world, and who can still outplay many of the young 'uns in between dangling his grandchildren on his knee, is an eight-goal man himself. Bob, who is connected with the oil business in America, lives in Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, with his wife, Betty.

Betty has just returned to America after a visit to Australia to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wheatley, of Camden. Bob's sister Phyl, who is noted horsewoman, and her polo-playing husband, Ken Mackay, are now holidaying at Terrigal with their two children, Margaret and Jamie. Jamie, who is just nine months old, has already had his first "lesson" in horseback riding. Grandfather Curtis wonders whether he'll be a ten-goal man.

LOVELY home is being built near foot of Black Mountains, a few miles out of Canberra, by Director of School of Physical Science at Australian National University, Professor Marcus Oliphant, and his wife. They'll take up residence shortly.

UP from her Palm Beach weekender, "Villa D'Este," for the Jubilee Test Match was Mrs. Johnnie Carr, who told me that even the keenest cricket fans at P.B. were loath to leave the surf on such a wonderful morning. Admired her scarlet-rimmed sunglasses studded with diamante, which she bought in America during a world trip last year. Sharing a thermos of coffee and a lunch box with her was Mrs. Eric Puckle, just back from luxurious boating holiday at Pittwater. Trip is an annual affair between the Puckles, Philip Yates, and A. L. Bayleys. Each family hires a 25ft. launch for ten days' fishing and swimming.

AFTER holiday on his yacht Dolphin II with his wife and son Julian, dapper Minister for Supply, Howard Beale, made David Jones' Art Gallery his first port of call to open a collection of Swiss posters. Mr. Beale admits to having a penchant for posters and has framed some he's collected from different parts of the world. Artist Sali Herman, who with Paul Haefliger, chose the posters, also selected one for his own home—a striking advertisement for Berne, Switzerland.



TRAVELLERS RETURN. Joan Allen (left) and Isabel Gregg, who have returned from abroad on the Himalaya. Joan, who is noted for her smart dressing, had a nine months' trip with her mother, Mrs. C. R. E. Allen.



TO LIVE AT GUNNDAH. Henry Young and bride, formerly Madge Curtis Elliot, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F. Curtis Elliot, of Randwick, leave St. Jude's, Randwick, for reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

TWO young Australians to announce their engagement in London are Norma Hibberd, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hibberd, of Beecroft, and Murray McAdam Hay Wallace, second son of Sir Robert and Lady Wallace, of Hunter's Hill. They plan to marry in Sydney at the end of this year, and settle in Western Australia.

"THE most exciting week in my life," says Helen Street when she announced her engagement to John Halliday, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Halliday, of Bellevue Hill.

Day before the announcement, John received news of success in final year Medicine at Sydney University. Following night the Halliday home was opened for 70 guests and excitement was topped off next day by news that John had passed his exam. with honors and had been appointed a resident at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Helen is the elder daughter of the Ernest Streets, of Double Bay.

BABY TALK. Much excitement in the Neville Lochheads' home when their only daughter, Kath Reynolds, spent holiday with them, and also brought along her baby daughter Barbara Sue to introduce her to many Scone district friends. . . Ken and Jean Mitchellhill, of "Ningalong," Muswellbrook, receive congratulations on the arrival of their baby son, their first. Baby's mother was formerly Jean MacDougal, of Bundilla.



FAMOUS MUSICIAN. Visiting English conductor Sir John Barbirolli (centre), who is touring Australia, talking with the general manager of the A.B.C., Mr. Charles Moses, and Mrs. Moses at a reception at the Rural Bank by the N.S.W. Division of the Arts Council.



COUNTRY TENNIS TOURNAMENT. Young players in the N.S.W. Country Week tennis championship matches at White City Courts, Eric Parsons (left) and Jim Layt, of Newcastle, and Judith Melliean (second from left) and Pam Curtis, from Maitland, all junior members of County of Northumberland team.



CRICKET FANS. A cup of tea and a sandwich, picnic style, is the ideal lunch, according to Mr. Frank Walker Smith and daughter Beulah, who attended Jubilee Test Match at Sydney Cricket Ground.

Stormy Weather

Continued from page 10

RUTH hadn't the faintest chance of reaching the market square in time for the auction. No car or lorry passed on the lonely, rocky road through the woods. Ivor had won over her, but it was a pretty low-down thing to do, and not worthy of even such a despicable character as Ivor Lennox.

It was almost midday when she came on to the road to St. Aubyn's near Captain Ez's cottage. Her feet hurt and she was hot and very tired.

To help things along, it had begun to rain. Well, she could take shelter with the Captain, and perhaps he'd drive her into St. Aubyn's in his car.

Just as she got inside the Captain's fence, Ivor Lennox came up the path from the beach and strode across the road.

He leapt over the fence and bore down on her. She didn't give ground this time, not even when his hands came down on her shoulders and his angry face was held only a few inches above hers.

"Sneak!" he said. "Of all the dirty, underhand tricks . . . to sneak out to a man's island in the dark of night and fix his boat so it wouldn't run. I had to row all the way ashore."

"You . . . you . . . after monkeying about with my distributor-head so my car wouldn't start, you call me a sneak!"

He stared at her, his jaw sagging.

"I monkey with your distributor . . . why, I've never been near your car. I've been on my island since yesterday morning!"

"Well, I've been home all night, too. I never touched your silly old boat."

"Then who . . ."

They looked at each other with wild surmise.

"Yes," said Ruth softly. "Who?"

They both turned and stared at Safe Harbor Cottage, above which, on this dark and rain-swept day, was flying the signal for fair weather. At that moment the door opened, and Captain Ez came out.

"Haven't you two sense enough to come in out of the rain?" he said.

Ruth looked up.

"Well, if you know it's raining, why have you got a fair weather pennant flying?"

"Yes," said Ivor. "You look as if you hadn't slept well last night . . . as if perhaps you were out on some nefarious business."

The old man grinned. "Come in, children. I've got some parts belonging to those mechanisms you two run around in."

"You also have Old Concord Lighthouse, if I'm not making a bad guess," said Ivor.

"Yes, I bid for her at the initial price. Got it really cheap. You two would have put the price up into the thousands."

"Why, you old sneak, you," Ivor said, reluctant affection in his voice.

They followed him into the "galley" and took the seats on the lockers that he pointed out to them. They sat down, looking at him in silence.

"That was a mean thing to do, Captain Ez," Ruth said at length. "I didn't think . . ."

"I never thought you were a two-facer, Skipper," muttered Ivor. "To pull a trick like that . . ."

The old man looked from one to the other.

"No, look . . ." He pointed at

INTERESTING PEOPLE



MISS LUCY COWHAN

. . . costing and tatting

VERSATILE Sydney accountant Lucy Cowhan manages to hold down an important accounting job, study for her cost accounting exams, and teach crocheting and tatting at the Catholic Professional and Businesswomen's Association. Member of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, she hopes to specialise in cost accounting in the textile industry. "I'll then take a course in textile color and design," she says. Is a member of Royal Historical Society, especially interested in stamp collecting. Reads avidly and is learning square dancing and Spanish.



MR. HOWARD LAMBURD

. . . Royal Order

FIRST British-born man to hold office as honorary Consul for Sweden in Melbourne, Mr. Howard Lamburd has been decorated with Royal Visa Order from King of Sweden for sponsoring industrial and cultural relations between Sweden and British Commonwealth. Chairman of Directors of a Swedish Electric Company, Mr. Lamburd has lived in London, New Zealand, has often visited Sweden.

Had difficult task of transferring company from war to peace time basis. Now lives in Melbourne with wife and four of his six children.



MISS RAY DORIEN

. . . travel book

ENGLISH author Ray Dorien, who is touring Australia gathering material for a travel book, loves our wide open country. Commissioned by publishers, this will be her second travel book. Previously wrote romantic novels. Has visited sheep stations, cities, and coastal towns. Loves travelling, says secret of successful traveller is little luggage. Likes informal interviews with real folk, keeps a diary of people and what they say.

Was intrigued at the residents of Cairns riding bicycles while carrying large sunshades to keep off tropical sun.

spuns, ship-models, and the like

"Why, you old darling!" Ruth flew at him, arms outstretched.

"Wait!" He held her off with his pipe. "I'm renting the upstairs to a promising young artist."

"Why, Captain!" Ivor's wide grin was like a burst of sunshine.

"You old Machiavelli, you!"

"Oh, I am, am I? Now, any more lip to the landlord . . . and,

oh, yes." The Captain's wise old eyes twinkled. "Should the two tenants decide to combine, they can have the lighthouse for what it cost me. Do I make myself clear?"

They looked at him wonderingly, then looked at each other.

"Quite!" said Ivor.

Ruth blushed under her tan.

"Quite!" she echoed faintly.

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We're now free from pains and aches thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Rheumatism and its kindred ailments—Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches, etc.—are usually caused by an accumulation of bacterial poisons and uric acid in your system.

If you or yours are suffering from Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, etc., these letters from users of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will interest you:

This grateful wife says:

"My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment, he is a different man. I thank you sincerely."

This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."

From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly . . . I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, and he bought some coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it . . . I am one person who is very grateful for Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I still take them, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."



How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, and the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, or Lumbago, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 everywhere



Resort Fashions

★ Planning a late summer holiday this year? Resort fashions featured on this page are simple, but give a maximum of versatility. They would be ideal for a holiday on board ship or at a hotel or guest-house.



BALMAIN uses unusual combination of chiffon and pique for a summer cocktail or informal dinner frock in yellow, with pique fronts and short pique bolero (above).



A BISCUIT-COLORED linen dress by Jean Dessès, which could be worn all through the day, has three tiers in front but only the top frills extend to the back (above).



AN elaborate material made in a simple style, Schiaparelli puts a halter neckline to this peacock-blue cocktail frock of crisp figured foulard with deep, comfortable hip pockets (above).

GAY thresome of resort fashions include Nini Ricci's striped cotton bare-backed bodice with grey cape collar. Patou designs emerald-green flowered cotton. Jacques Heim creates four-piece outfit in sky-blue.



NEXT morning, Eddie Fagan pushed open the glass door with "Look In Cafe" painted on it in over-bright letters, and made his way through the mob to the counter.

"How's every little thing, Chick?" he asked the man behind the counter.

"The other shrugged. 'I takes it as I finds it,' he said. 'Cupper tea?'"

"Okay," Eddie said.

There was a feeling of cautious watchfulness on every side as he stood there. He knew many eyes had fastened on him as he came in, and he'd been subjected to a quick but penetrating once-over before those surreptitious glances left him.

One pair of eyes remained fixed on him, however. "So this is it, the man whose name was Jay thought."

Eddie didn't notice the man beside him as he drank his own tea. Chick had just brought him. He looked up only when a voice said: "Another cup of tea, please."

Then he saw the man pull out his wallet and noticed with interest it was a pretty fat one. From the cor-

ner of his eye he watched the other peel off a pound note from a thick wad in the wallet, put the wallet down on the counter, and hand the note to Chick.

Chick gave him the cup of tea and took the pound note. He gave the other his change, counting it out for him, and the man pocketed the money.

"Thanks, pal," he said, and he took another gulp of tea. The wallet still lay on the counter.

Fascinated, unable to believe it was really happening, Eddie watched him drain his cup and then turn to go. Almost without realising what he was doing, his hand snaked out, closed over the wallet and it vanished into his pocket.

He moved quickly, but with an air of complete casualness, and began to edge his way towards the door. And then, just as he reached the door, he heard a voice behind him, raised anxiously. "My wallet. My wallet."

There came the sound of other voices joining in and then: "That

man. He's stolen it!" And louder and louder. "Stop him! Stop thief!"

Eddie was out of the cafe and dodging like a weasel along the street. The voice behind him was growing more strident. Other voices were taking up the cry. "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

Then, suddenly, a burly figure loomed up before him. A blue-sleeved arm barred his way, and a great hand gripped him.

The telephone rang on Algy Dark's desk and he lifted the receiver. As he listened a smile appeared at a corner of his mouth, and he stood up and leaned against the desk.

"All right," he said into the receiver. "I'm on my way over."

Within fifteen minutes he found himself at the police-station, and the man from whom Eddie Fagan had stolen the wallet turned from chatting to the sergeant behind the desk.

"Frankly, I never imagined that old trick would work," he told Dark. "I suppose the sight of all that hard cash lying there was just too much for him."

"Where is he?" Dark asked.

"This way, sir," a policeman who had been standing in the background stepped forward.

Eddie Fagan made a dejected figure as he sat on his bed in the cell. Over and over again he cursed himself for his incredible stupidity in falling into the hands of the cops the way he had. The Butterfly will kill me for this, he told himself again and again.

He looked up to see Dark framed in the doorway, and a spasm of terror shook him.

So he was in on this. That could mean only one thing. That could only mean they'd tied him up with the Butterfly. That meant he'd been tied up with the disappearance of Archer and the girl.

Algy Dark smiled grimly to himself as he observed Eddie Fagan's reaction to his appearance.

"Next time, Eddie," he said agreeably, "you try to pinch a wallet I'd advise you not to pick on one of my men." He lit a cigarette and asked casually through a cloud of smoke: "How is the Butterfly keeping these days?"

Eddie Fagan's heart turned to stone inside him, but he didn't move an eyelash. "The Butterfly?" he echoed, frowning slightly. "What's he got to do with this?"

"Something tells me you have been seeing quite a lot of him lately. And while we're on the subject, you might care to inform me where you've hidden Tod Archer."

"Tod Archer?" Eddie permitted his voice to crack with beautifully simulated surprise. "You mean that television chap who disappeared?"

"I mean that television chap who disappeared."

Eddie's expression appeared even blander. "Dunno a thing about him any more than what I read in the newspapers."

"You really will have to do something about that memory of yours," Dark chided him gently. "You picked him up in Chelsea that night. Drove him out to some hide-out in your car. Remember?"

"I don't know anything about the Butterfly or anybody else," Eddie said sullenly. "I been pinched for knocking off a wallet, and that's all there is to it."

"Where did you take Archer and the girl?"

"I told you. I didn't have anything to do with it. I—why, I wasn't even in London when it happened."

"No? Then where were you?"

The other thought fast. Better be

careful about this. He said with an attempt at airy composure: "Since you're so interested, I been staying with my sister at Wimbledon. Been there all the week." Yes, that was safe enough, he told himself. Flo would play up all right when they started in to question her.

"Your sister?"

"Flo Wilmott. Married. Husband's left her. Flo lives at thirty-two Miller Street, Wimbledon."

Algy Dark opened the door and called out, and after a moment the policeman appeared. He scribbled down the address of Eddie's sister, and Dark told him to phone Wimbledon and get Eddie's story checked.

The policeman nodded at Dark and went out.

"Glad it's Eddie and not me who's there with him," the man who was named Jay said when the policeman gave the desk-sergeant Dark's message. The desk-sergeant grunted and got on to the phone purposefully. Jay went on, "That rat in there won't last ten minutes."

But it was over half an hour later and still Algy Dark had not reappeared from Eddie's cell. The telephone rang at the desk-sergeant's elbow, and the sergeant answered it. After a few moments he replaced the receiver, scrawled some notes, and looked up at Jay, who was eyeing him inquiringly.

"That alibi," the sergeant said. "Woman Flo Wilmott swears Eddie

Mystery Serial By Popular Australian Author

OUR new serial, "Cyanide for Supper," to begin next week, is by the well-known Australian author Margot Neville.

Wedding preparations are hectic at any time, but the bride-to-be of this brilliant story finds it the final straw when a murder intrudes into them.

Swift-moving action and a strong romantic interest are added, making this perhaps the most attractive serial yet from the pen of this popular author.

Watch for the intriguing opening instalment in next week's issue.

Jay, and the other went out fast, closing the door after him. Dark leaned forward and spoke quietly and persuasively, the rasping edge gone from his voice.

"Listen, Eddie," he said. "You might as well know it isn't only Flo who's bust your alibi wide open, there's another witness."

Eddie's head jerked up at him.

"A woman," Dark told him, "who saw you talking to Tod Archer just before he disappeared. She saw him give you a light for your cigarette. She recognised you from your picture in the Portrait Gallery. You've had it, Eddie; we shall find Archer whether you spill what you know or not. But if you'd like to play co-operative and tip us where the Butterfly's hide-out is, it could make quite a difference to your sentence."

Eddie Fagan cringed and started to work his hands, wringing and twisting them together in despair.

"I can't blab. Honest, I—I daren't. He'd kill me. As it is he'll get me," he babbled on. "You know his reputation. You know he'd get me."

Watching him, Algy Dark smiled to himself with grim satisfaction.

So, he thought, he was on the right track. The right track that was going to take him all the way home.

"The Butterfly isn't going to get any opportunity of harming anybody," he said grimly. "I'm taking care of that. But you can make it easier for me," he urged. "You can get him

put where he won't hurt you. Come on, Eddie, where did you take Archer and the Malone girl? It's the Butterfly's hide-out, isn't it? Spill it, Eddie. Talk."

"I can't tell you any more," Eddie muttered in a low voice. "I'd talk if I dare, but he'd find out." He shook his head wearily. "So leave me alone. It's no good keeping on at me, I've shot my mouth off all I'm going to shoot it off."

Algy Dark cursed to himself. He knew he had come up against the immovable rock of Eddie's overpowering fear of that gross, horrific figure in the background.

Paula Carson.
Johnny Silver.
Eddie Fagan.

He gave a little sigh and stood up.

Lewis Hull pushed his hands through his hair with a groan. He eyed his familiar office with a weary, belligerent eye. He got up suddenly from his desk and mooched over to the window. Then the telephone rang behind him.

"Lewis Hull here." His voice was abrupt, harsh. Then, when the caller said who he was, his attitude changed.

"Rex. For Pete's sake, don't say you've remembered?"

Please turn to page 34

DISCOVER THE HIDDEN* Lustrous Tints IN YOUR HAIR

*There are latent tints in your hair, waiting to be released with ordinary washing.



Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO contains real egg

Women all over America are delighted with the new beauty, Egg Creme Shampoo discovers in their hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply, by the almost magical action of the real egg which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well groomed. Prove it for yourself by trying a 4-oz. bottle and then purchase the larger, more economical 8-oz. size. Make the most of your hair by shampooing regularly with Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo.



Richard Hudnut SHAMPOO IS BETTER BECAUSE . . .

1. It contains real egg to make your hair more manageable.
2. It is not a wax nor a paste—but a smooth, liquid creme.
3. It is easier to apply and rinses out readily.
4. It removes loose dandruff.
5. It's the same shampoo as used in the famous Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue luxury treatments.

SALE



STAND UP, SPEAK UP, AND LOOK UP.
Shyness is advertised, not hidden, by whispering and trying to look inconspicuous.

● Nobody is so optimistic as to suggest that shyness can be cured simply by saying "I won't be shy." But it can be largely overcome if you're willing to exercise a certain amount of self-discipline. So, if you're shy, next time you are at a party, follow this advice.



NEVER be left sitting. Force yourself to go over and join a group. But not, of course, just two people—who might be enjoying a tete-a-tete.



BEING INTRODUCED, don't think of the impression you're making. Concentrate on the impression person being introduced makes on you. room in a perfectly natural and easy way.



HELPING HOSTESS will keep you circulating and help you get to know everyone in the room in a perfectly natural and easy way.



MAKE SURE you're well-groomed and have no trailing veils or dangling trimmings to embarrass you by getting in the way. At a party, uncomfortable shoes, slipping shoulder-straps, or a dipping underslip can completely destroy what self-confidence you've been able to muster.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 20, 1951

If You're shy....

Let baby lead a sheltered life...

You'll be thrilled with the change in Baby after you've "insect-proofed" your home with "Cyclone" Screenwire. He's visibly healthier and happier, eats well, sleeps restfully. Baby is the helpless victim of biting, stinging, irritating, disease-spreading insects... he can't defend himself. But "Cyclone" Screenwire doors and window screens protect him completely, all the time... protect his food, too, against dangerous fly-borne contamination.

SCREENWIRE
by
Cyclone

See your Hardware Dealer or write about Screenwire Doors and Window Screens. Consider you the advantages of screening part of your verandah.

CYCLONE COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LTD.
Melbourne—Sydney—Adelaide—Perth—Brisbane

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.



ARRID THE LARGEST
SELLING
DEODORANT



STUART CRYSTAL

AUSTRALIA

Beautify your home with the sparkling lustre of exquisite Stuart Crystal. For flawless purity and gracious dignity of design, this lovely English glass has no equal. Every piece is hand-cut and bears the famous Stuart signature.

Proud's

"A Great Name in Diamonds"



A. £37 10/-
"Multi-cut" diamond with "fleur de lys" setting.



B. £40
"Multi-cut" with two diamonds in each shoulder.



C. £65
"Multi-cut" set with one diamond each shoulder.



D. £95
"Multi-cut" with 10 diamonds in stepped shoulders.

Look to the mounting . . .

these exciting new engagement styles, only at Proud's.

are designed to make the most of your "Multi-Cut".

Look to the diamond

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SYLVIA flounced off. In the flurry, Elizabeth had lost track of Edward and Tim. But Edward came up behind her a little later.

"Why can't you be pleasant today, Elizabeth?" he asked. "I'll go and find out what's the matter," Edward said. "And please remember, Sylvia is all alone in the world. She's our friend; we've known her for years."

A sudden flare-up on the field caught their attention. Several dogs had broken loose. Seeing their mates free as air and unconfined, every dog on the scene had a sudden wish to be liberated. Pandemonium set in.

Far across the field Edward, his head bent, stood talking earnestly to Sylvia. "Confine your dogs; confine your dogs!" the loud-speaker howled. "All sporting-class winners in the ring!"

That meant Sylvia's Debbie. It also meant Tim. Edward started across the field, strode into the fray, to fetch Tim. Most of the small dogs had been caught and quelled, but one large collie was still free. It brushed against Edward and whirled as a Great Dane slashed at his hind-quarters. It whirled, snarled, and Edward's hand, which he had put out to ward off the milling dogs, was in the way. Teeth snapped and Edward was claspings a bleeding hand.

Elizabeth took his hand and examined it. The skin was broken and the wound bled profusely, but it was not serious. She flipped his handkerchief from his pocket and wrapped his hand. "Do you want to go home?" she asked.

"No," he said. "But will you show Tim for me?"

He grinned, and it was the old lovable grin she was used to. Her heart suddenly warmed. She ordered Tim up, and strolled towards the ring.

Tim set off at a lope, but Elizabeth reeled him in. The crowd had closed in, for this was one of the important decisions of the afternoon. Dr. Bascomb stood impassively waiting. The other competitors, Elizabeth noted, kept their attention-in a

May The Best Dog Win

Continued from page 5

business-like manner on their dogs, but Sylvia managed a fluttery smile.

Dr. Bascomb studied Tim, lifted his paws, examined his teeth, and Tim kept the stance like the sweet-tempered beast he was. The judge passed down the line.

Suddenly Elizabeth was surprised to find Dr. Bascomb in front of her again. He laid the blue ribbon in her hand. Tim had won. The best in his class. The good-natured laughter of the crowd confirmed it. "Thank you! Oh, thank you!" she called after the judge. A man with a Labrador retriever took second. Sylvia came off with a third.

Sylvia had not left the ring. She shook the red ribbon, and she was mad. "That was the most unfair decision I ever saw," she announced loudly. "George Bascomb, you know perfectly well Debbie showed better than that retriever. Why, Debbie has twelve points, and that dog is just a beginner!"

"We won't discuss it here," the judge said coldly.

Sylvia was shaking with rage. "And if that wasn't bad enough, you put that retriever ahead of me. That dog is just a mutt! I wouldn't have bothered to come if I'd known it was just a little amateur performance!"

The man with the retriever whooped with delight, and pounded his large tail-wagging dog in the ribs. "Come on, Mutt," he shouted. "Good enough old mutt to win a second, weren't you, boy?"

Furious, Sylvia scooped up her poor discredited Debbie and stalked off the scene of battle. Real tears were welling from her pretty blue eyes, and her jaw was set hard.

Edward had witnessed the performance, and there was horror on his face. He marched Elizabeth away. "We ought to speak to her," Elizabeth said. "I didn't dream it meant so much to her—" They had reached Sylvia's car.

"Sylvia," Elizabeth said, "perhaps

the judge made a mistake. Debbie should have won—"

"I should say he has!" Sylvia's head snapped up and she glared across the lawn, where the crowd pushed around the ring. "It will be his last, however. He may be my cousin, but I'll complain to the Kennel Club. The idea. That retriever was an awful dog. And Tim, Tim!" she sputtered. "Tim winning! Why, Debbie has been up against dozens of better dogs than the mutts they had there to-day and won. I'll do something—"

Edward interrupted. "You've forgotten," he said. "This show was just for fun, Sylvia. Debbie didn't win, but it doesn't matter—" Sylvia backed out so fast Edward leaped aside just in time. She whirled off, spraying gravel with her spinning tyres, and they watched her go.

"That was a fine exhibition of temper," Edward said later as they were driving home. Elizabeth did not answer. "As though a dog show mattered." She still made no comment. "I'll be darned if I'll go to another. It's all right for the professionals, but it's no place for an amateur. Elizabeth," he said, "did I make an awful show of myself in the ring?"

"No, darling," she said. "You looked very handsome and manly."

"You're a liar," Edward said gloomily. "I looked an unmitigated ass and I know it. Never again. I—ah—I seem to have a genius for making an ass of myself," he said.

"Where are Tim's ribbons?" Elizabeth interrupted.

"In my pocket. Why? I thought you didn't care about such things."

I guess I do, after all, Elizabeth said to herself. Maybe a blue ribbon is a sign and a portent. No matter how undeserving you are, life suddenly turns around and hands you the blue ribbon. Bless Tim. Bless him for being a thoroughbred and winning. Fair and square.

As if to acknowledge her thanks, Tim leaned over and dreamily licked her ear.

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WORTH REPORTING

WHEN Shaw advised his secretary, Blanche Patch, to compile her memoirs for publication after his death, he said: "Quote nothing that has not some special interest. Do not write a sentence that does not carry on your story."

"Adult lives are all the same, repetition, repetition, repetition: Wesley's sermons, George Fox's church stormings, Tunney's prizefights are each a repetition of the other."

"Fill up with the tales of the players and authors and Socialists and other noted people you have met, keeping me out of it as far as possible."

"Don't bother about style; tell your story unaffectedly in your own way. Stuck-on style is no style at all and hatefully unreadable."

Shaw told her she could use letters from his wife and himself.

Miss Patch did not find his advice regarding himself easy to follow. Shaw kept coming into her book.

His bequest of £500 a year to Miss Patch was the largest single bequest in his will. Early in 1950 he gave her her first increase in salary for 20 years.

She expects the book to be published this month.

Of her future plans, grey-haired Miss Patch says: "I shall probably retire into obscurity."

She worked for Shaw for 30 years. In recent years Miss Patch lived in London. She received Shaw's shorthand-written manuscripts by post.

Milk and liquor bars in same shops

IN Milan all the confectionery shops have a milk bar on one side and a liquor bar on the other so that the whole family, soft and hard drinkers, can quench their thirst together.

Mrs. Jack Field, of Sydney, who has not long returned from a visit to Italy, told us this, adding: "These shops are open at all hours."

In the same shops, she said, there are on sale beautiful leghorn hats, filled to the brim with gaily wrapped chocolates and tied with satin streamers. When the sweets are gone you can don the container.

Film detective offered cases

HOLLYWOOD star John Calvert, famous for his role as "The Falcon," film detective, tells us his fan mail largely consists of "problems" posed by moviegoers carried away by his ability to right wrongs on the screen.

Mr. Calvert, who will produce four films in Australia after his season of "Magic" at the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, says his would-be clients range from the lovelorn to crackpots who want to engage him as a master-mind detective.

But the role he plays so convincingly doesn't make Mr. Calvert feel so much a part of the character that he wants to perform off-set.

Mrs. John Calvert, who has also come out with husband from Hollywood, is actress Ann Cornwell, known to moviegoers a few years ago as Mickey Rooney's sweetheart in the Andy Hardy series.

My favorite poem

These are the favorite lines of Mrs. Catherine Ammer, Archer Street, Upper Mt. Gravatt, Queensland. Send us your favorite lines. They may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber

Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou
wouldst praise

Beauty took from those who
loved them
In other days.

—From "Fare Well," by Walter de la Mare.

Girls to drive from England

THREE girls are planning to drive from England to Australia, leaving next month. They estimate that they will buy at least 600 gallons of petrol on the trip at a cost of about £200.

The girls are Josephine Whitehorn, self-styled "renegade New Zealander," who has lived in England and Europe for 13 years, and Joan Kingsbury and Winifred Cohen, both English.

Josephine is at present an administrative assistant with the International Refugee Organisation at Bad Kissingen, U.S. Zone of Germany. Joan is an occupational therapist with I.R.O. at Amberg, Bavaria. Winifred is working with the I.R.O. resettlement office at Schweinfurt.

The girls will follow in the tyre tracks of Lord Kilbracken, who last year drove from London to Christchurch for the centenary of the city his grandfather founded.

Countries they will travel through include Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iraq, Afghanistan, India, Malaya, and Australia.

Insurance companies refused to cover the car except for third-party risk.

Artists at work in Suva

TWO Melbourne artists now living in Suva held an exhibition at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

They are Alfred Stone and Russell Foreman. Stone is a chemist by profession and a painter by inclination.

Before going to Suva he was at Ocean Island. There he worked at the base hospital dispensing for natives, who, he said, made wonderful sitters and studies after hours.

Russell Foreman is a disciple of the painter Max Meldrum, and is the author of a book on Meldrum published this year.

Stone and Foreman are now painting and making their own frames for a new collection which they will send back to Australia early this year.

Sultan's guests for holiday

THERE'S an Arabian Nights' touch about the six weeks' holiday Sydney company director Mr. Keith Brooks and his wife are spending in Singapore.

They are guests of the fabulous Sultan of Johore—one of the richest potentates in Asia—at one of his air-conditioned palaces, "Wood-neuk."

The Sultan is in England, so the Brooks' are being entertained by his son, the Prince Regent, Tuntu Makota.

Mr. Brooks was the guardian of the Prince's two sons, Tuntu Mahmood, aged 17, and Tuntu Rahman, 15, while they attended Trinity Grammar School in Sydney for the past two years.

The Brooks' met the Sultan on a trip to England in 1937.

Mrs. Brooks recalls that the Princes arrived in Australia pale and homesick, and with only a few words of English.

Now they can take part in any Australian conversation. They eat any Australian food, but prefer soft drinks to tea.

In Australia, the word "Tuntu," meaning prince, has been dropped from their name except when they are addressed in writing.

"They are the most natural boys in the world," Mrs. Brooks told us. "When they are here for week-ends they help with the dishes, rake the lawns, or do odd jobs for me."

"Mahmood was very excited about this Christmas as his father has a new car for him. He has completed his education here, but he likes Australia so much that he is coming back for another year."

The Princes will stay at their father's palace in Johore, but went to Singapore to show the Brooks' "their country."

NEW Australians have trouble getting used to our eating habits. One Polish family recently, anxious to please, served two fried eggs in a saucer, a cup of therry, and some cake to an Australian friend who dropped in about 11 a.m.

Painted carvings as a hobby

VISITORS to Mrs. Mabel Lemaire's home at Eastwood, N.S.W., hang their hats on the hall-stand she carved, then move into the living-room, where they sit on carved chairs, and admire 12 large painted carvings hanging on the walls and a carved figure of one of her sons as a baby.

The most elaborate piece is the hall-stand. It is carved in the shape of a tree, the branches forming pegs for hanging hats. There is a seat at the base. The design includes native bears, Cobb and Co. coaches, emus, and kangaroos.

Mrs. Lemaire chooses Australian historical scenes for her pictures, checks details from the Mitchell Library. She carves in beech, cedar, or redwood, then colors the scenes with oil paints.

Mrs. Lemaire tells us that she is so fond of carving that she snatches time for it even in the middle of cooking meals for her husband and five children.



What do you know about ENO?

DO YOU KNOW that ENO is one of the very few laxatives which may safely be given to children? ENO is non-habit-forming, the ideal corrective for an irregular system.

DO YOU KNOW that a teaspoonful of ENO has an alkalizing effect equal to that of a tumblerful of pure, fresh orange juice? ENO freshens you up, mentally and physically.

DO YOU KNOW that ENO contains no Glauber's Salt and no Epsom Salts? ENO is gentle, effective and exceedingly pleasant to take. Keep ENO in the bathroom!

DO YOU KNOW that ENO is the standard household corrective for digestive ailments and disorders of the liver—and that it has been used all over the world for eighty years?



Sold in bottles for lasting freshness

Eno's "Fruit Salt"

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are regd. Trade Marks.

"Soaping" dulls hair. Halo glorifies it!

Not a soap, not a cream... Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather... needs no special rinse!

Halo leaves hair soft, manageable... shining with colourful natural highlights!

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YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoos leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favourite shampoo—to-day.

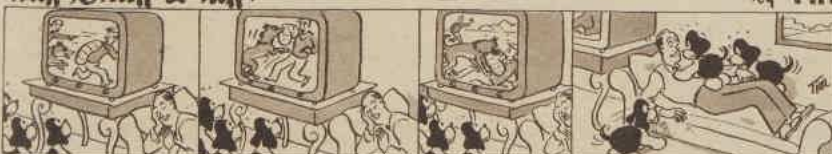
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Wuff-Snuff-&Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

By TIM



London is laughing at—

Comedy of castaways



● "The Little Hut," a light comedy by French playwright Andre Roussin and adapted for the English stage by novelist Nancy Mitford, is entrancing London.

It also marks Robert Morley's reappearance in the West End after a world tour with "Edward, My Son." The play is amusing, trivial, full of intricacies handled with great delicacy. It presents the saucy situation of a self-satisfied husband (Robert Morley), a block-head lover (David Tomlinson), and a featherbrained wife (Joan Tetzel) washed up in immaculate evening dress on a desert island made decorative by stage designer Oliver Messel.

ROBERT MORLEY (left) as Philip, the imperturbable husband who likes being a castaway because he can indulge his hobby of collecting butterflies.



JOAN TETZEL as Susan, the naively naughty and comfortable on the desert island. Here she is seen with coconut milk served in dyed coconut shells. She is as Ann Todd's friend in Alfred Hitchcock's production.



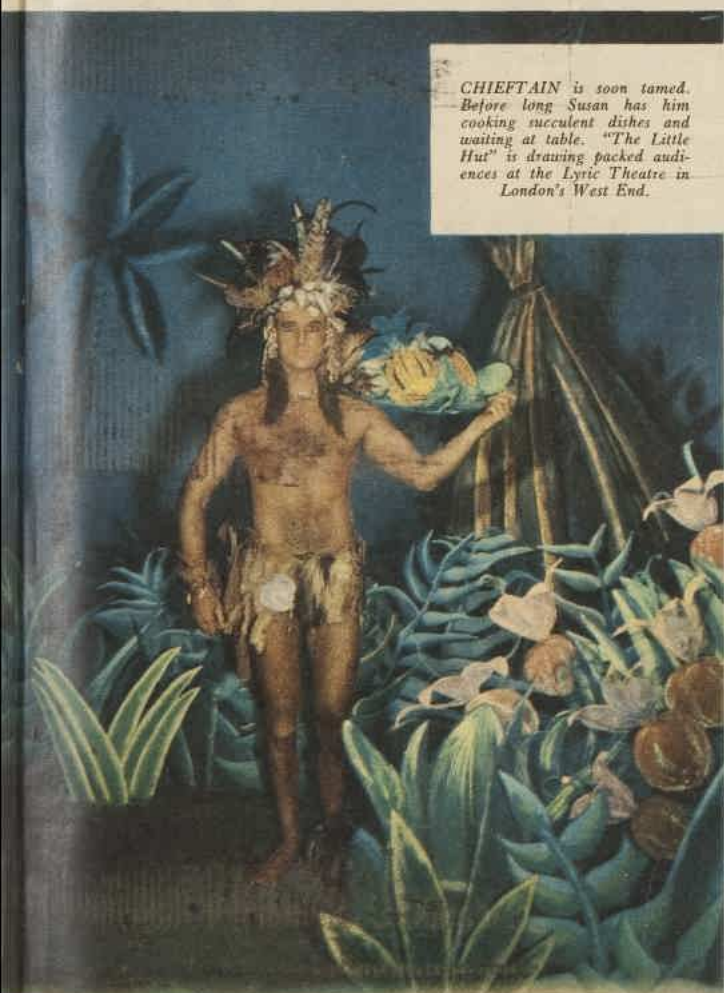
NATIVE CHIEFTAIN Geoffrey Toone arrives, ties up husband and lover, and carries off Susan. He reckons without her wiles, for she bewitches him into settling down peacefully with the trio in their little hut.



city and amusing wife, makes life a offering cocktails of spiced. Filmmakers will remember Joan's production of "The Paradine Case."

REMORSEFUL LOVER David Tomlinson tells Susan, as she files her nails with a shell, that he must confess their love to Philip. Susan buffs her nails with flower stamens, colors them with berries. Philip is not angered by Susan's unfaithfulness, but is affronted by her lover's insistence on talking about it.

PHILIP AGREES to a marriage-for-three. Interrupting Susan as she cleans the hut with tropical-flower broom and shell dust-pan, he says he wishes all husbands had his recipe for living because "marriage suffers from routine, which is dangerous and dull, like flying."



CHIEFTAIN is soon tamed. Before long Susan has him cooking succulent dishes and waiting at table. "The Little Hut" is drawing packed audiences at the Lyric Theatre in London's West End.



RESCUE SHIP is seen as a monkey drops in. The monkey and the chieftain watch Philip, Susan, and her lover sail away in the ship for civilisation. Only unhappy one of the trio is the lover. Philip remains smug.



Gold in your own backyard

Judged by standards of other countries every Australian has "gold in his own backyard." With one of the world's highest living standards, with plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty of time for play, we should be a most happy people in a happy land.

But in the world of today a country's happiness may be undermined by cynicism and inertia, or be trampled underfoot by the jackboots of armed aggression without warning.

All good Australians must be ready to work and fight for their country and its future. Other Australians must prepare now to do their share in the task of making Australia strong.

Those who can should enlist in the Navy, Army or Air Force for full or part-time service.

All must work with a conscious effort to increase production and by their own example, promote harmonious co-operation in every aspect of their daily lives.

*What we do NOW will determine the fate
and future of Australia*



As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Expect a rather quiet time until after the week-end. A new cycle of events will help you to attract new and interesting friends, also smooth the way to happier human relationships. Firm ties can now be made.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Choose this week to expand the mind, either through study, reading, travel, or change. Some of you will get a nice lift through opportunities to improve vocation or career, especially nearing January 23.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Although you may not be able to act all your ideas into action this week, January 23 should start some stimulating days. However, avoid important matters on January 22, conflicting day.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A week that may clear up many personal matters, although sudden impulse should be guarded against on January 21 and 22. Next Tuesday is your most dependable day.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 20, 1951

LEO (July 24 to August 23): If you go slowly and conserve energy this week, you can afford to be a little more reckless as you enter next week. Have fun, enjoy yourself with others.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): For permanent results to any undertaking choose January 23. Your financial and business interests are very well aspected.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): If you can coast along quietly during the next few days and use tact on January 22, matters that are close to your heart will swing in your favor with more satisfying results.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): A good week to meet people, discuss mutual interests, and correspond. January 22 and 23 should stabilise many of your affairs. A good time to deal in land or property.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Conclude important financial plans over the next few days, for you have some new interests approaching from early next week. These may necessitate some local travel or change.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Financial and business affairs seem to stir up some interesting episodes from January 23, although January 21 and 22 could bring some irritating personal problems. Avoid hasty decisions.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): The days prior to January 22 may still delay and restrict, but after this the good aspect of Saturn will give you more scope for personal aims and desires.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A good week to entertain and look for happiness, especially with friends and associates. A rather serious note tends to color next week—so make the most of these few days.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



New Powder Block make-up by Reeves

"Cover Veil" blends foundation and powder into one smooth sequence. "Cover Veil" cannot spill in handbag or on clothes—no water... no grease... no mess. "Cover Veil" clouds on your puff as lightly and easily as loose powder, giving a velvety smooth, peach-glow matt effect that lasts all day.

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that can be worn as a
sunshield too!

Yes, simply lift up the lens!



It's as easy as that — and what's more this revolutionary idea is exclusive to "Swing-Ups"! These wonderful new-type sunglasses were a sensation in America. Now you too can enjoy the comfort and convenience of "Swing-Ups". The lens is of the finest optical quality and they fit perfectly over ordinary glasses. Once you have worn "Swing-Ups" you will never be satisfied with ordinary sunglasses. Don't delay, swing into summer the smart way with "Swing-Ups" and enjoy new eye comfort!

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SID BARNES (famous cricket writer)
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★ "Swing-Ups" won the coveted award of "Gadget-of-the-Month"!



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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant; with lovely PRINCESS NARDA: Have their vacation interrupted by the CHIEF OF POLICE: Who asks Mandrake's help with the BLUE BANDIT: Case. When chasing the Bandit, who is a jewel-thief, Mandrake clings to the Bandit's helicopter, which lands at a remote field. Mandrake, thought to be unconscious, is taken to a hide-out, but manages to tie up the pilot. He tries to escape. NOW READ ON:

THE DOOR SUDDENLY SLAMS AND LOCKS BEHIND HIM. LIGHTS SNAP ON—AND THE LIGHT BULBS BEGIN TO SMOKE! THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH FUMES—MANDRAKE COLLAPSES. "GOING TO SLEEP," HE MURMURS. "CAN'T KEEP—AWAKE—" THEN EVERYTHING GOES BLACK!



"SO I AM!" STAMMERS MAC. "BUT HOW?" "I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED OUR PRISONER. HE IS MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN!" REPLIES THE BLUE BANDIT.



"WELCOME TO MY HOME," SAYS THE BLUE BANDIT. AS MANDRAKE STIRS, "YOU'RE A HARDY MAN, MANDRAKE." "AH, YOU KNOW ME? I PRESUME YOU ARE THE BLUE BANDIT," REPLIES THE MAGICIAN. "TELL ME, HOW DO THOSE SMOKING LIGHT BULBS WORK?"



"SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?" ADDS THE BLUE BANDIT. "ANY MORE QUESTIONS?" "YES, WHO ARE YOU?" ASKS MANDRAKE. "AH," LAUGHS THE BLUE BANDIT. "THAT IS NOT SO SIMPLE! NOW, I'VE A QUESTION. SHALL I USE YOU, OR DESTROY YOU?"



"UNTIE ME!" MAC GASPS. WHEN THE BLUE BANDIT ARRIVES. "THE ROPES TWISTED AROUND ME ALL BY THEMSELVES!" "NONSENSE!" SNAPS THE BLUE BANDIT. "YOU'RE NOT TIED! YOU'RE STANDING HERE HOLDING THE ROPES!"



THEY GO INTO THE CHAMBER WHERE MANDRAKE LIES UNCONSCIOUS. "TIE HIM SECURELY THIS TIME AND BIND HIS EYES, WHILE I CLEAR THE ROOM OF THE FUMES," COMMANDS THE BLUE BANDIT.



"ONE OF MY OWN DEVICES. I COAT AN ORDINARY LIGHT BULB WITH LIQUEFIED SLEEPING GAS. WHEN THE BULB IS TURNED ON AND BECOMES HOT, IT GIVES OFF FUMES—WHICH PUT PEOPLE TO SLEEP—SO I CAN GO ABOUT MY BUSINESS."



"I CAN USE YOUR MAGICAL POWERS! IF YOU PROMISE TO WORK WITH ME, YOU'LL LIVE," SAYS THE BLUE BANDIT. "I CANNOT PROMISE THAT, EVEN TO SAVE MY LIFE," RETORTS MANDRAKE.



TO BE CONTINUED

Cool in Summer Warm in Winter



No need to tear down old walls and ceilings. Work is started immediately.



Except for decoration, job is often completed in one day.



A simple wood framework is constructed to support the Cane-ite sheets.

Up in next to no time!

Whether you're building or remodelling, use Cane-ite for walls and ceilings. It's not only easier and faster to erect—and there's money-saving there—but it's also the only board—the only board that insulates as well as decorates. There's no extra expense—the insulation is in the board itself. Cane-ite can be painted—or left in its own suede-like finish. It is white ant proofed, too. For beautiful ceilings use Ivory Cane-ite.

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Fit and fascinating?

Of course she is!

She has a wise head on her young shoulders and a lot of good sense behind those sparkling eyes. For fitness and freedom from everyday ills her answer is simple and inexpensive—she takes Beecham's Pills, the superior laxative.

Box of 40 pills, 1/3; 120 pills, 3/-

Wise woman—she takes

Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Health Benefits

THIS SIMPLE ANDREWS
PLAN BRINGS *You* SPARKLING

GOOD HEALTH

To-morrow morning is not too soon to begin to plan for health! Start the day with a sparkling, bubbling glass of Andrews Liver Salt, and you'll find you just feel naturally better when your system is fresh and clean inside. And here's the easy Andrews Plan:

TAKE THESE 4 SIMPLE STEPS TO 'INNER CLEANLINESS'

FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT: Antacid in action, Andrews settles the stomach, corrects digestive upsets.

THEN: Andrews tones up the

liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY: To complete your inner cleanliness, Andrews gently cleans the system and thus purifies the blood. Be regular with your Andrews, the world's biggest selling effervescent saline.



ANDREWS
for "inner cleanliness"



Hair Beauty

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ROUTINE

Soft, glistening waves can be yours, too, if you follow the Camilutone . . . S-R-S . . . routine.

SHAMPOO with your individual colour of Camilutone . . . rich, cleansing, gentle on hair.

Camilutone

At all Chemists, Stores and Ladies' Hairdressers.

"Having trouble with your teeth?"



"Ask your Mother to give you

Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders are wonderfully soothing at teething times. They ensure regular, easy motions, cool the blood and are absolutely safe. Try them next time baby is fretful through teething.

ASHTON & PARSONS
INFANTS' POWDERS

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 24

OVER the wire, the other's voice came back, "Nothing so exciting, I'm afraid. But something's come back to what I choose to describe as my mind which I thought might be worth telling you about. Just in case."

"What is it?" Hull asked quickly. "First, old chap, I've turned it over and over in my mind, but I'm sure I've never come across this house called the Beeches."

"You haven't?" "No, but don't try and rush me, my dear old boy—the name, and what you told me about the place, brought back to my mind an incident that occurred about a year ago."

Lewis Hull compressed his mouth in a tight line of impatience. Rex Bolt always took such a time to get to the point. No use trying to hurry him, though. He waited impatiently while the other went through a long rignarole about a friend of his who went to a country sale.

What impressed his friend most at the sale, he said at length, was the wonderful beech trees about the house.

"Beech trees," Lewis Hull cut in. Then more slowly: "But I thought you said you'd never come across a place called the Beeches—?"

"That's the point. It's called, or it was then, Redheath House, and I wondered if it might have been the Beeches originally. As I said, old boy, it was just a thought."

"Where is it?" Hull asked.

"Chorley Wood way."

"It's an idea," Hull muttered half to himself. "Thanks, Rex."

He rang off, then put through a call to Algy Dark, who listened with interest to what he had to tell.

"I'll take care of it," Dark told Hull. "Maybe we have been barking up the wrong beech tree all this time."

He hung up, then lifted the receiver again. Within a few minutes he was talking succinctly to the Chorley Wood police-station, and learning various details from one Sergeant Prior.

Oh, yes, there was a Redheath House in the locality all right. Beech-trees? Oh, yes, there were beech-trees all right.

Occupied? Yes, it had been taken over by a Mr. Tilton. Retired research chemist or something.

No, wasn't much known about Mr. Tilton. Supposed to be an invalid, but no one had ever seen him, or much of his staff.

Did he want anything done about it, this Mr. Tilton? Sergeant Prior's voice asked.

"Sounds as if it might be what I'm after," Dark said. "Hold everything until you hear from me."

He rang off and a little while later found him back at the police-station where Eddie was being accommodated. He went straight to Eddie's cell.

"Just another social call, I assure you," Dark told Eddie easily. "I dropped in to tell you something."

"You could have saved yourself the trouble," the other retorted.

"You could have saved yourself the trouble if you'd given me the address I wanted first time." His expression was smooth as silk, his words dripped honey. "All you had to say was: Redheath House, Chorley Wood way. Just think how easy it would have been for you."

Eddie Fagan stared at him thunderstruck. His eyes bulged, his mouth hung open.

"Who blabbed?" he said huskily.

It was early afternoon when Dark, accompanied by Viney, Jay, and Sergeant Prior, turned down Redheath Lane and went through the gate beyond which lay the house.

The man who opened the front door in answer to their ringing was angular, and his manner was cold.

"Good afternoon," Sergeant Prior said. "We've called to see Mr. Tilton."

"Mr. Tilton doesn't see anyone. He isn't well enough."

"As a matter of interest," Algy Dark murmured suddenly, "what would your name be? I have an impression I've seen you before."

The man's attitude froze.

The others felt the atmosphere suddenly grow taut. And in that pause which, brief as it was, fairly tingled with suspense, Dark was uplifted by a curious elation.

"Drew," the reply came slowly.

"Don't you think, Drew, we'd better come in," Dark said pleasantly. "Trifle draughty here."

"But Mr. Tilton—" Drew began.

"Mr. Tilton nothing," snapped Dark, his jaw tightening. "We're here to slip the net over the Butterfly."

As Dark stepped forward, Drew, armed with desperate courage, closed with him, at the same time letting out a shout of warning.

"Look out! Police!"

Algy Dark was caught off balance by this sudden attack and stumbled and fell, and both men, struggling in a fierce grip, rolled across the hall. Viney, Jay, and Sergeant Prior leapt to Dark's rescue, but as they did so two men suddenly appeared and flung themselves at them. A moment later Roach ran into the hall.

It was a sharp affray but brief, ending with the Butterfly's men in handcuffs.

Dark then told Viney to advise the men he had left posted on guard outside what had happened. He was to bring a few to the house. The others, however, were to remain at their positions, keeping a sharp look-out in case some of the gang still remained to be dealt with and might endeavor to make a getaway.

WITH Sergeant Prior, Dark continued a swift search of the house. The first rooms they entered were empty and seemed unoccupied. Dark quickened his step, and now they found themselves in a corridor branching off from the main hall.

There were two doors to choose from, and Algy Dark flung one open. The room was empty and unfurnished. He moved to the next door, opened it and stood for a moment on the threshold, Sergeant Prior behind him, staring.

The figure in the wheel-chair facing them was smiling thinly and he nodded, inviting them to enter.

There was no hint in the grotesque figure's attitude that he was even faintly perturbed by the turn events had taken.

"While appreciating the honor you accord me by this visit," he said, "I am at a loss to understand its object."

"Perhaps I might be permitted to explain," Dark said. "We want the girl Malone and the man Tod Archer. Incidentally, we shall want you, too."

"Archer? You are under the impression he, and a girl did you say, are here?"

"You're doing quite well."

"In fact, I am to understand you are insinuating I have had something to do with their disappearance? That I am holding them captive in this house? What a preposterous accusation."

"It would be a little far-fetched," Algy Dark agreed, "except for the fact that one of your bright boys, by name Eddie Fagan, has spilled the beans."

As he finished speaking Algy Dark decided it was time to reach for the automatic in the holster strapped underneath his arm. But, as if reading his thoughts, the other made a movement a fraction of a second earlier, and the Luger appeared in his hand.

Please turn to page 39

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Greer Garson

GRACIOUS lady of films, Greer Garson (at right) will shortly be seen in "The Miniver Story," which is a sequel to M.G.M.'s wartime success, "Mrs. Miniver." Walter Pidgeon again portrays her understanding husband, Clem Miniver, and John Hodiak is a new addition to the compact cast.

Lucille Ball

TOP-FLIGHT comedienne Lucille Ball (below left) has an assignment that is very much to her taste in Columbia's "Fuller Brush Girl," in which she tries her hand, not always successfully, at selling permanent-waving machines to housewives. Eddie Albert helps out with the wacky comedy.

Susan Hayward

TEMPESTUOUS Susan Hayward (below right) portrays the part of a spirited Kentucky mountain girl in 20th Century-Fox's "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain." Her co-star, William Lundigan, playing the part of a young preacher, finds her a winning, though headstrong, personality.



COWBOY — AGE 2



AT two years of age, Kenneth Rice of Boondall, Queensland, already has a way with animals, and is never happier than when helping with horses. Apart from horses, his two main interests are the calf shown above and Vegemite. His mother says, "Kenneth starts the day with a Vegemite sandwich and takes one to his father as well. Since he was six months old, Kenneth has enjoyed Vegemite every day." Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts, and contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier, too, and more economical.

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TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★★ Faust and the Devil

IT is an unusual experience to view a film in which technical excellence is matched by artistic beauty. "Faust and the Devil," an Italian production released through Columbia, presents this rare combination.

Against an exquisite back-drop representing a German village of some centuries ago, the film tells the Faust story from the Goethe drama, laced with the music of Gounod's opera.

It is widely known to depict man's eternal struggle between good and evil, and here the tale is told with spectacular simplicity.

The three principals give full interpretations both vocally and dramatically.

The Marguerite role, performed by Nelly Corradi, is sung by Onelia Fineschi. Special credit should go to Italo Tajo, who brings just the right amount of grandeur and humorous wickedness to his Mephistopheles.

In the expert mixture of craftsmanship and art the camera deserves mention, and some special effects, such as Faust's transformation from old age to youth, are handled faultlessly.

Dialogue begins in English, then changes to Italian with English subtitles.

★★★ If You Feel Like Singing

CAST in the light and bright mould of expensive screen musicals, M.G.M.'s "If You Feel Like Singing" is an amiable affair about the barnstorming adventures of a show troupe which crashes a Hollywood-type farm.

About the screen-play it is sufficient to say that Judy Garland is seen as the part-owner of a rundown property; that Gloria De Haven is her stagestruck sister, and is vaguely engaged to marry impecunious

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

author-producer-dancer Gene Kelly, whom she invites to stage his musical in the family barn in spite of Judy's early resentment.

Music, comedy, and romance take over at this point; the stars have every opportunity to display and share their singing and dancing graces in some unusual routines.

Eddie Bracken and Phil Silvers keep the merriment lively, and although Marjorie Main hasn't a great deal to do she is always good value in a film.

The first shock of seeing a really buxom Judy Garland fades as she displays most of her old-time pep and verve. Towards the end of the picture she does one outstanding routine around the song "Happy Days" that is worth watching for.

THE fatal fascination that glamorous Ava Gardner held for a Spanish matador last summer apparently was a cue for M.G.M. With tongue in cheek, the studio brass gave Ava the romantic lead opposite Ricardo Montalban and Argentinian star Fernando Lamas in "Montes, the Matador." A colorful romance set in a background of the Spanish bullfight has Montalban and Lamas in the roles of matadors who vie for Ava's affection.

ROBERT TAYLOR will star as a hard-bitten Indian scout in his first 1951 picture, "Pioneer." Since his recent operation following his return from "Quo Vadis," in Rome, Taylor has been taking it easy on doctor's orders, so it will be at least three months before he appears before the cameras.



COMEDIENNE Eve Arden steps out with her tiny daughter Liza. Eve is an unusual person in Hollywood—a home-town girl and native daughter of California who never fails to boost its beauties.



CARMEN MIRANDA demonstrates rare ability to take Latin vivacity with her on to a movie set in this recent picture, in which she poses in typical bizarre costume with a visiting friend.

What do you know about

Modern etiquette?

Are you sure you know how to avoid dropping social bricks? Answers to this quiz are on page 52.

- 1—If you had an Archbishop and a Bishop to tea how would you address the Archbishop? The Bishop?
- 2—Who hires the cars for a wedding?
- 3—How would you address Princess Margaret?
- 4—Should a visiting speaker address a local committee as "Ladies and Gents"?
- 5—Which way do you tilt your soup plate?
- 6—Order of precedence in the Commonwealth is headed by?
- 7—What cards does a matron leave when calling on a widow?
- 8—Is it permissible to type a reply to a wedding invitation?
- 9—Should you seal a letter of introduction when giving it to a friend?
- 10—Should you cut your bread into small pieces and then butter it, or spread the whole slice before cutting it up?

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MTS/30P



1 MUSICIAN Art Hazzard (Juano Hernandez), ace trumpet player, befriends orphan Rick Martin (Orley Lindgren) and teaches him to play.



2 TRUMPETING in unorthodox style retains its fascination for the man Rick (Kirk Douglas). He joins a band and becomes very friendly with pianist Smoke (Hoagy Carmichael) and vocalist Jo Jordan (Doris Day).



3 JAZZ lovers Smoke and Rick lose jobs when they insist on playing music in their own way.

YOUNG MAN OF MUSIC

A COMBINATION of drama and music keeps pace in this new Warner film. On one side there is the dramatic story of a young man whose highly strung temperament involves him in a lot of trouble, and on the other there is a real feast for jazz fans provided by Harry James, the Dorseys, Duke Ellington, and others.

In his most challenging role since "Champion," Kirk Douglas has the backing of Juano Hernandez, Lauren Bacall, Doris Day, and Hoagy Carmichael.

The story is based on Dorothy Baker's best-selling novel.



4 OFFER to play with better type of band is accepted by Rick when he goes to New York. He soon becomes big star attraction.



5 REUNION between Rick and his old teacher, Art, takes place at a jazz cafe. Rick is horrified to discover that Art's playing has lost much of its joyous confidence.



6 INSTANT ATTRACTION is felt between Rick and Amy North (Lauren Bacall) when Jo introduces them. Soon afterwards they are married, but highly strung natures clash.



7 UPSET by Art's death, Rick quarrels bitterly with Amy when she reproaches him for attending old man's funeral instead of party she had arranged. They part.



8 INJURED while drunk, Rick is found by Jo. After failure of his marriage he lost faith in everything, even music, but Jo nurses him back to health and hope as he again heads for the top.



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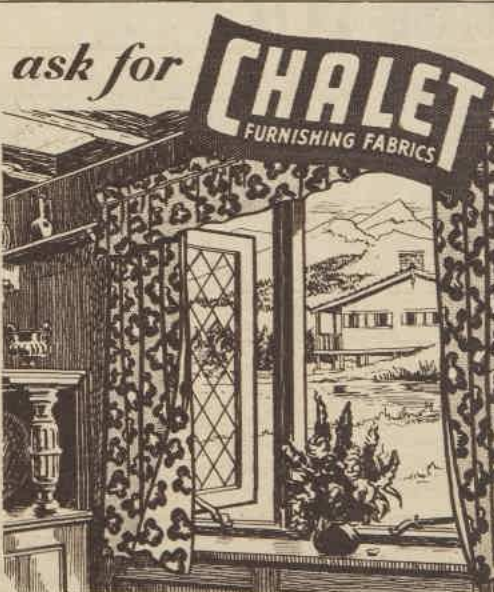
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ALGY Dark had

dropped his hand reaching for his gun. Now raising his hands at a gesture from the other, he observed coolly: "The place is surrounded. Pull any trick you fancy, you'll never get away. Not this time."

But as he spoke, evenly and nonchalantly, he was asking himself anxiously, "What do I do now?"

He tensed himself, and then suddenly someone was in the doorway behind him. From the corner of his eye he saw Sergeant Prior's head turn, and then the snout of the pistol moved away from his stomach. As it did so, there came the staccato bark of an automatic from the door.

Dark jumped sideways deliberately cannoning into Sergeant Prior, and together they sprawled on the floor. At that moment there was the answering report of the Luger, and Dark saw the girl standing in the doorway, a crimson patch already spreading above her heart.

Then, miraculously, she raised the automatic and fired again. The man in the wheel-chair gave a thin, convulsive moan and clutched at his shattered hand. From the powerless fingers the heavy pistol clattered to the floor. In a flash Dark moved and the Luger was in his grip.

"All right, Sergeant," he gasped. "Look after the girl."
"She's dead," Sergeant Prior's voice came to him. "Shot clean through the heart."

Leaving Jay and Viney to watch the Butterfly, who still slumped, silent and immobile, his bandaged hand in a sling across his chest, his black glasses fixed unseeing on the floor, Algy Dark continued his search with Sergeant Prior.

He had already questioned Drew and Roach and the two other men regarding the whereabouts of Archer and Malone. But he had failed to drag anything out of them. Dark realised yet again the extraordinary power the Butterfly wielded over the members of his organisation.

The Dark Bureau

Continued from page 34

At the foot of the winding staircase they found themselves in the servants' quarters which they had already inspected. Suddenly, over the tip of a fresh Turkish cigarette he was lighting, Dark's gaze fastened on a door which was under the stairs. In the flame of his lighter, he caught the glint of a padlock on the door. A large padlock and new.

"Cellars," Dark said succinctly. The other's face lit up, and he promptly grabbed a heavy coal-shovel leaning against the wall. After several well-aimed strokes the padlock flew off and the splintered door gaped open. They stood at the head of a flight of worn steps. Dark's lighter flared again, and by its light he found an electric switch.

At the bottom of the steps they found another light switch. It revealed a low-roofed cellar which seemed to stretch on indefinitely in greyness and black shadows. Cobwebs were festooned in thick, filthy ropes above their heads, the smell of dust lay heavily on the air.

They found the body of Tod Archer in a shallow alcove.

Dark stayed long enough to make sure Archer was dead, then straightened himself, his face grim and set, and, with Prior close on his heels, went on to the next alcove. Malone was lying there half-covered by sacks.

For a sickening moment, Dark thought that she, too, was dead. Then he bent and took her wrist. At once he could feel the beat of her pulse. As he started to lift her, she gave a moan and opened her eyes.

"It's all right," he told her. "You're safe now."

Her mouth moved in a feeble imitation of a smile.

"Hello," she whispered. "Glad

you managed to make it." She relapsed into unconsciousness again.

A little later, revived with brandy and wrapped in warm blankets and an overcoat, Malone said to Algy Dark: "Afraid I caused you a lot of trouble one way and another. I'll never forgive myself for misleading you about this place being called The Beeches."

He smiled at her gently.

"Think nothing of it. Before you left that note stuck in the typewriter, we hadn't dreamed up an idea that was getting us anywhere. You put us on to Nita Bennett, and, though you made a mistake over the name, we got it through a pal of Lewis Hull."

At the mention of Hull's name her face clouded.

"I—I suppose he's pretty fed up with me?"

"You could ask him for yourself," Algy Dark told her gently.

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Phil, try a wife (anagram, 4, 4, 4. It's dangerous. You may burn.)
8. Reverse a volcano and use it in poker (4).
9. If the boy Don brings himself in order, he disappears (6).
10. Used up may be by the bottle who starts it (4).
11. Worth one thousand life reversed (4).
12. More underdone (4).
13. Blazing-red of cricket pitch making ball rise dangerously (5).
14. A short Adjutant-General, and no human beings served as fourth name in Rome (7).
15. This iron alloy is a holy fish (5).
19. Only for ladies (5).
20. Pleading of the French receiver (7).
21. Racecourse as a small bed (5).
22. Vehicle at weight for precious stones (5).
24. Contrives softly destines (5).
26. Take tea with a coil to get a reel of spinning rod (5).
27. Abundance (6).
28. The votes for it (4).
29. Presume it done provided you know your alphabet (4, 2, 2, 4).

DOWN

1. Wagner's opera, and father of a Wagner's opera (8).
2. Sticky insect containing five hundred people present (8).
3. Cheerless outlooks where you succeed before you attempt on divisions of acts (6, 6).
4. Small flap or small drum (3).
5. A loud start and leader confused relating to central government (7).
6. EE (4).
7. In a steamship exhausted takes long steps (7).
11. Chopped meat is important but utter with affected delicacy (5, 7).
16. Hot ace in mixture bring about (4).
17. Praised enthusiastically. It must have happened by the look of it when there was nothing to pay for crossing the bridge (4).
18. The bridge players in turn (7).
19. 2,471 acres in France (7).
22. Joey and a holy man settle for sleep (5).
25. Let it stand not in order to try (4).

Solution to last week's crossword.

ROBINHOOD CAROL
J A S R E O
SANDWICHES IVAN
E D A A A O G
W ALARUM MALTA
I T H B U R
TANTRUM OBIT M
H S E I L L T I O
T I D E A S E A S E O F F
H N V C N T
ELUDE ROTARY H
L A S E R M E
ARTS MANAGERIAL
R E N C S A
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Solution will be published next week.

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THEY'RE almost too pretty to hide while they're new — but will you be proud of them after they're washed? Not if you let strong soaps or harsh washing methods dim their dainty freshness. But they'll have a pretty future if you pamper them with Lux! A nightly dip in creamy, gentle Lux keeps undies lovely 3 times as long. Actual tests have proved it — you can, too!



How Far Can You Go On A New Hat

Continued from page 9

I SHOULDN'T have left the door unlocked. Someone could have gone in and...

She hurried to the desk and explained. Would they give her another key, please?

"Mrs. Mortimer?" the clerk said, eyeing Lisa curiously. "She checked out. About twenty minutes ago. Friends came for her."

Lisa's jaw dropped. "But I was with her. She must have looked for me—left a message." Then she remembered. "She has my things—my hat, coat, and purse, my ticket back to New York. I just brought my change purse down with me."

"Mrs. Mortimer leave any message?" he asked the surrounding atmosphere. There was no answer. "No message," he said.

"But I... what can I do?"

"Better see the manager," he said.

She told her story in a confused fashion, putting in unnecessary details because she was so excited, so aghast at what had happened. He listened to her, head down, eyes looking over the tops of his glasses. His expression said there was something phony about it all. It sounded that way to her too.

"There was an agreement made that this Mrs. Mortimer would pay your fare back to New York?"

"No, there was no agreement. Yes, of course. Only it wasn't an agreement, she just said she would. She bought the ticket and left it in my purse. I just took the little change purse when I came down for dinner." She couldn't explain that the purse was so old she was ashamed to take it.

"Had anything occurred to—er—annoy Mrs. Mortimer, was there any argument or any indication that she was not satisfied with your services?"

"There weren't any services. I just came with her."

"It is unfortunate that you do not know the name of the granddaughter she was going to visit." He meant it was darn funny she didn't know it. "Have you no money at all?" he asked.

She opened her purse. "Four dollars and eighty-six cents," she reported.

He looked at though she probably stole it. "Well, I suggest that you take a room here for the night and wire home for your fare back."

"You mean buy another ticket? But this one is all paid for. And it's mine."

"But with no ticket and no identification—you have no identification, I presume."

She had a mole on her neck, but that didn't prove she was Mrs. William Baldwin. A man came to the door and coughed.

"Just a minute, Blackmore. I'm sorry, Mrs. Baldwin; that is all I can suggest. I'll be glad to let you take a room and let you wire home. I think you'll find everything will come out all right."

"Thank you." A big help he was. Wire to the twins? Bill would think such a telegram a hoax. So would her mother. If she phoned her mother collect—well, her mother was deaf. She had trouble understanding. "Is your rheumatism better?" How could she possibly understand, "I am in New Orleans without any money?"

And to phone Bill, confess what a terrible thing she had done and what a mess she had got into—There must be some other way. He wouldn't have a hundred dollars in his bank account... She'd have to go back to New York with no hat or coat. She ought to be able to get herself out of this.

The girl at the telegraph desk looked kind. A woman would understand better than a man. But she wouldn't tell the whole story. Just try to discover some way of reaching Mrs. Mortimer.

"I wonder if you can tell me where Pass Christian is, and how large it is?" she asked the girl.

The girl said it was about two hours out on the train—not a very large place.

"I have to find someone there and all I know is her first name, Peggy. Do you think I would be foolish to go way out there to look for her?"

"Well, I don't know—it's a common name. Don't you even know what she looks like?" She looked up with such a strange expression that Lisa suddenly thought, she thinks Peggy has gone off with my husband and I am after them.

"Oh, I do know she is going to have a baby soon," she burst out and realised that didn't help the picture. "Her name was Mortimer before she was married. They have a great deal of money. That helps. Find her, I mean. So few people do. I was to meet her here, but... there was a misunderstanding and I'm stranded. I've just come from New York."

The girl was getting interested. She probably thought Lisa was hired as a nurse girl. Anyway, she got a time-table. "You can get a train to Pass Christian at eight-thirty in the morning, arriving there at ten-seventeen. If you went right to the post office—"

Wild-goose chase! Get out there, not find her, and have no fare back to New Orleans. "I don't believe I have enough money. I'll have to take a room here for the night. Or sit in the station all night."

The girl hesitated, obviously considering lending Lisa some money. "Have you any identification?"

Well, that's the trouble. Peggy's grandmother took my purse and hat and coat. By mistake, of course.

The girl froze. That story was too much for her. "I'm sorry. I have to go off duty now."

Lisa walked over to the couch and then realised a man had followed her. "Look, lady. Ah heard what you say-ed."

"Oh, please—please go away. I'm in trouble enough."

"So Ah heard. Ah have a little proposition—now doan' get excited. Ah can see you're a lady. Ah want to see the town—the hot spots. No fun goin' alone." He took a roll of bills from his pocket to tempt her. "We'll do it up propah."

He obviously had been drinking. "Please go. Thank you very much, but I really don't want to see the sights."

"So that's how you feel. Ah guess you Yankees won't know a Southern gen'lman. Good-night, madam. Good-night." He swung his hat in Southern-gentleman fashion and moved off unsteadily.

It was all she had needed to give her a feeling of panic. Her knees were shaking now; she was scared through and through. She certainly couldn't spend the night in the railroad station, she wouldn't dare leave this lobby. She looked up at the clock. The bus which should take her to the airport would be coming any minute now. With that gone, her one chance to get her free ride back to New York went.

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes, trying to think. She could imagine herself at home in the living-room, on the couch, her feet on the rung of the little rocking chair. Bill always laughed at that position, but her feet wouldn't touch the floor. The twins asleep upstairs... the twins! When would she see them again?

Please turn to page 44



COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH!

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Beauty in the sun

By CAROLYN EARLE



Take beauty from the sunshine in the garden, at the beach, on the tennis court, or in your own back-yard, but take it gently. Key to the technique shown here lies in mixing commonsense with fashion sense ..



WATER REFLECTION plays tricks even on the cautious bather who normally protects sensitive nose, lips, eyelids, shoulders, knees, and shin-bones with screening preparations. Always have a beach stole or robe with you and wrap up in it between tanning exposures.

SUN SQUINT from eyestrain etches a network of white lines on the tanned face. To avoid them protect the eyes with a pair of not-too-dark sun glasses: the new wing-up style simplifies the job of carrying tan up to the eyes and at the same time protecting delicate eyelids.



BARE-TOP FASHIONS (above) need a smooth, even tan. To eliminate a high-water line of suntan, measure your barest neckline and roll your suntop down to match it when you sunbake. Careful timing is the answer to perfect texture and color in suntan.

... Clear red, pink and coral in lacquer and lipstick are flattering with a tan.

SUN-SOAKED hair (left) can become parched. Before venturing into the shelterless outdoors, stroke exposed hair surfaces with discreet touches of hair oil. With short hair styles, protect the nape of the neck.



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Fashion FROCKS



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"SALLY"—Girl's Sunfrock. A delightful little sunfrock for the young miss, featuring back buttoning and softly gathered skirt. The material is a check gingham in brown, white, yellow and lemon/white. Prices: 2yrs. length 18in. 18/6, postage 1/1; 3yrs. 19in. 18/6, postage 1/1; 4yrs. 20in. 20/11, postage 1/1; 5-6yrs. 22in. 22/3, postage 1/1.

"JUDY"—Frock. An attractive and useful frock for these warm days, and featuring raised collar effect and nicely gathered skirt with large patch pockets. The material is a printed summer dress cotton in sky-blue, yellow, celery-green, aqua, and pink, with a white and black shell design.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 57/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage, 2/6 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 52/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/11. Postage, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice of "Sally" and "Judy." No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 32.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 740, GIRL'S TUNIC. Trim tunic cut out ready to make in navy British headcloth. Prices: 6yrs. 22in. 12/11, postage 1/1; 8yrs. 22in. 12/11, postage 1/1; 10yrs. 23in. 15/3, postage 1/1; 12yrs. 24in. 17/3, postage 1/1.

No. 741, GIRL'S SCHOOL BLOUSE. Smart blouse for the school lass, cut out ready to make in good quality white headcloth, which launders so well. Prices: 6yrs. 22in. 12/11, postage 1/1; 8yrs. 22in. 12/11, postage 1/1; 10yrs. 23in. 15/3, postage 1/1; 12yrs. 24in. 17/3, postage 1/1.

No. 742, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. A tailored two-piece suit for the growing lad, cut out ready to make in good quality British headcloth, in natural, blue, lemon, green, and white. Prices: 2yrs. 18in. 8/11, postage 11/6; 3yrs. 19in. 9/6, postage 11/6; 4yrs. 20in. 10/3, postage 1/1; 5-6yrs. 22in. 11/9, postage 1/1.

No. 743, THREE (3) BIRDS. Traced ready to embroider on British headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Bias binding not supplied. Price: 5/3, postage 7/6d.

No. 744, APRON. Traced ready to embroider on British headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Bias binding not supplied. Price: 5/3, postage 7/6d.

No. 745, THROW-OVER. Dainty throwover traced ready to embroider on white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Bias binding not supplied. Price: 7/11, postage 8/6d.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 32. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



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G87 - Girls' Tie Shoe in Tan. Also in Black. Sizes 7-11.



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WOMEN have no right to be erratic, she told herself. They have to be sensible and level-headed and keep the world on an even keel. Let men run off to conventions and buy radios when a washing-machine is needed and olives when the budget is low. Women have to keep their heads and stay home. Home is where they belong.

She had been utterly irresponsible walking out and abandoning home and family. She had been horrid to Bill. Because she couldn't go to Hot Springs, she had to spoil his trip. He was so generous and so sweet; not one girl she knew had such a loving, dependable husband. She wiped away the drop starting out of the corner of her eye.

Maybe Bill had been trying to phone her. When he got no answer all day long he would call Hilda. Maybe he would come flying right home when he heard how she had gone off. Maybe he had police looking for her right now. Housewife Vanishes . . . Foul Play Suspected. Could the police trace her? Would

they learn she had bought a ticket to New Orleans?

"Mrs. William Palmer. . . Mrs. William Palmer." She jumped up. Bill had found her. . . the police had tracked her down! The boy said she was wanted at the telephone. She gave him a precious quarter and hurried to the booth.

"Yes . . . yes . . . This is Mrs. William Palmer. . . Yes . . . You are calling me? Hello . . . hello."

"Oh, Mrs. Palmer? This is Eastern Airlines." The ten o'clock flight to New York had been cancelled, due to a storm over Georgia. There was a plane at twelve going by way of St. Louis. They hoped to get her a seat on that.

"Do I get a new ticket?" "Your reservation will be exchanged. There will be no extra charge for the longer flight."

"But I've lost my ticket and I have no money . . ." She was talking to a buzzing line. They had hung up. She went back to her seat. Nothing

How Far Can You Go On A New Hat

Continued from page 40

ing was changed except that she had more time to think what to do, and she felt like a human being. Someone had called her by name, had addressed her as Mrs. William Palmer. It was enough to make her realise she had to do something. Sitting there crying, imagining herself at home, helped nothing.

She would try to reach Bill. When she picked up the receiver and thought she was to hear him on the other end—"Why, Lisa darling, what happened?"—she knew she just had to talk to him. It meant confessing how crazy she had been, asking for help, crawling. . . He would never get over it. She who had always been so steady and sane.

She went to the telephone desk and put the collect call in. "He's at an insurance convention there," she explained. "His wife, Mrs. Palmer, calling. Does he have to know where I am?"

The girl looked up. "I have to ask him if he will accept a collect call from Mrs. Palmer in New Orleans."

She stared back at her, shaking her head. "He won't believe you. No matter what you say, he won't believe it's me. Couldn't you just let me speak, say hello, or anything? If he hears my voice it will be all right."

"A runaway wife. Wants to be taken back. It was in the girl's eyes. 'I guess we could do that.'"

"I'll be sitting right here. Right on this bench."

EVERYTHING would be all right now. Bill would have an answer, he always did. Probably there was something obvious she hadn't thought of. She felt so much better.

The telephone girl beckoned at last. "Mr. William Palmer is not registered at the hotel. Some insurance men are expected to-morrow, they suggest that you call to-morrow night."

"I see. Well—" Her heart went down and down. No Bill to help her. Sit here until to-morrow night. "Will you try to get Mrs. Ernest Latham?" She gave Hilda's number.

She would never live down the humiliation. Hilda and Ernest would wire the money, but— They thought she and Bill were extravagant anyway. But who else was there?

She went back to her seat. "Such a gay city. What a whirl they gave me . . ." It was no use. She had no sense of humor left. She couldn't fight back the tears. She hung her head and let them run, hot and itchy, down her cheeks.

Suddenly she realised someone was standing in front of her. She lifted her head and then jumped to her feet. A young man was holding her hat.

"Just what I thought," he said. "Modern version of Cinderella. I have tried it on every woman in the lobby—mentally. You were it right away."

"And you have my coat and my ticket back?"

"Yes, but I am afraid you have missed the plane. I broke all speed laws getting here. I can't tell you how sorry we are about it. You must have been horribly worried."

He needn't know how bad it had been. "The plane is cancelled, so everything's all right. I have until twelve o'clock."

"Thank goodness." He collapsed with relief, like an exhausted runner. "I must tell you what happened. I am Jules Vincent, by the way. Peggy is my wife—Mrs. Mortimer's granddaughter."

"Yes, I guessed." He was the most charming boy she had ever met, tall and dark—probably some French blood—easy and graceful in his manner. He looked about twenty,

He twisted a chair about and sat down, offering her a cigarette.

"We were rolling along well out Gently Road when . . . I lighted a cigarette—so." He was lighting one now. "Peggy looked up and said, 'Good grief, Jules, what is that thing in your lap?'"

"I buzzed my lighter again and held the thing up. 'Grandma's hat,' I said. 'She's not that senile,' Peggy said." He put his hand on Lisa's knee. "It's a charming hat, but you must admit, for an old lady of eight-odd—"

"Don't apologise. Go on; it's wonderful." The sweet thing. He knew she had been crying and was amusing her while she pulled herself together.

"So we woke the dear old lady up and asked where she got the hat. She hadn't the faintest notion. When we pushed her she remembered seeing one like it on a lady in a train in New York. She was quite sure she hadn't bought it, or helped herself to it, so she finally guessed perhaps the lady came to New Orleans with her, but what her name was, or what happened to her"—he gestured, hands helplessly held to heaven—"she had no idea."

They both laughed. "I saw her memory was bad," Lisa said.

"Bad? Non-existent. But she did say just as I left, 'An old friend came with me to-day—one of the loveliest ladies I know.'"

Lisa was touched and pleased. "So . . . we found the coat and purse, and in it the plane ticket back."

You see, in the hotel we had just told the porter to put the things in the car, taking it for granted grandma had picked up nothing along the way that wasn't hers. I was able to commandeer a taxi at a roadhouse; I ordered the others on to Pass Christian. Peggy was livid. She did so want to come back and tell you how she felt, invite you out to Pass Christian, all that, but . . . well, we are expecting a baby, and—"

"Yes, I know. That's all I knew." He looked at his watch. "We have

an hour and a half to celebrate in. Do tell me you have never been to New Orleans before."

"I never have. I must find a mirror and get my hat on quickly before something else happens to me. That's how I happened to come. I was washing clothes and then I tried on my new hat." She laughed.

"Naturally. New Orleans was the only answer."

When she came back to the lobby, looking years younger, they were paging her again, and she suddenly remembered the call to Hilda. It was too late to cancel it now.

"Oh, Hilda," she said, "I'm so sorry to bother you, but . . . but . . . I was just wondering how the twins are . . . Yes, I really am in New Orleans. Some friends invited me down—we're just going out to dinner; Antoine's, I suppose. They want me to visit them at Pass Christian, but of course I can't. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

But Hilda was telling her not to ring off. There was a telegram there from Bill. She found it when she went for the twins' pyjamas. "Shall I read it?"

"Oh, yes. Go ahead."

"Please come to Hot Springs, darling," Hilda read. "Hang the expense. No fun without you. I'll play you in new hat against the field. Love, Bill."

"Thanks, Hilda, thanks a lot. Bill's so extravagant," she said lovingly, a lump rising up to her tonsils.

She went back to Jules. "A telegram from my husband," she explained. "He wants me to meet him in Hot Springs. But of course I can't. I have to get home to the twins."

"Twins!" Jules struck a posture of awe. "Oh, I say! Have you really got twins! Peggy and I would give all we own for twins."

She nodded, biting her lips to keep her eyes from spilling over. "I guess—I guess I'm as lucky as they come."

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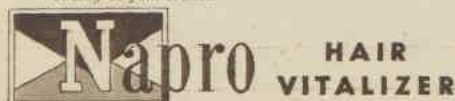
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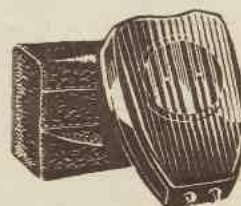
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COLONEL

HAMILTON answered, "You're thinking of the telegram I sent two days ago. As they're going to put a stone on his grave, I thought they'd better state his rank correctly. A month ago he was a captain, and one who had been passed over for promotion half a dozen times. He was out of a job, and so far as I could see had little chance of getting one. You saw the reply of the War Office to my telegram. Rank correctly stated as major."

"It does seem a bit mysterious."

"More than a bit."

"Could it have been that he was employed by the Secret Service?"

"No, it couldn't. I don't know much about the Secret Service, and the less you talk about it, young man, the better. I dare say they trip up occasionally, but I can't believe they could be such fools as to employ this particular fellow."

"How about that packet that was found on the body? It was pretty decent of these people here to send it along to the Embassy without opening it."

"How do you know they hadn't opened it?"

"The seals were intact, sir," answered the Assistant Military Attache confidently.

"Proves nothing," grunted the other, "but they'll know in London."

"Was he a good officer, sir?"

"I never thought so. He was not a fellow of whom I thought very highly. I'm talking too much. We ought to be on the road. That clergyman has gone to sleep. Wake him up and get a move on."

Nobody ever had fewer relatives than Willie Maryington. Neither his father nor his mother had brothers or sisters, and he himself was an only child. His mother died in giving birth to him on the 1st of January, 1900, and his father, a professional soldier, was killed at Villers Cotterets in September, 1914.

Willie's childhood was spent at the various military stations to

which his father was posted, and his heart was given to the cavalry regiment in which his father served.

Willie was at a public school in 1914 when the war broke out, and for a few days he had wild plans of running away and joining the army as a drummer-boy.

But news of his father's death, which arrived long after the event, had a sobering as well as a saddening effect, and he determined to concentrate on making himself fit to receive a commission as early as possible.

His father had nominated a brother officer to act as the boy's guardian, and when he also fell, without having made any further provision for guardianship, his widow took on the responsibility of looking after Willie during the holidays.

She had three children; the eldest, Garnet, was three years older than Willie, and was destined for the Royal Army Medical Corps. The youngest was a little girl of two who had been christened Felicity.

It was an austere household. There was little money to spare, and Mrs. Osborne, like many people by nature disinclined to spend, had enthusiastically accepted the Government's injunction to economise.

Willie was no burden on the household. Both his father and his mother had had incomes of their own, and he would in due time inherit between two and three thousand pounds a year. Lawyers, whom he never saw, paid his school bills and also paid Mrs. Osborne liberally for his board and lodging in the holidays.

She would render meticulous accounts of how the money was spent, and this effort at amateur book-keeping added to her cares.

Neither Willie nor the lawyers looked at the accounts she rendered, but she thought it her duty to render them, and whatever was her duty she would do. For duty was the watchword of this small

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 11

house, situated between Aldershot and Camberley.

There was, however, one member of the household to whom neither habits of austerity nor the call of duty made any appeal.

Horatio, Mrs. Osborne's second son, was one of those fortunate people to whom this world seems a vast park of amusement, and who dislike nobody except those who are bent on preventing others from enjoying themselves.

To this disagreeable category soldiers, it seemed to Horry, evidently belonged. As a child he had hung about the barrack square and had heard the way in which non-commissioned officers spoke to private soldiers, and he hadn't liked it.

He had seen the delinquents paraded for appearance before officers, when they must answer for the crimes of idleness, dirty buttons, unpunctuality, insubordination, or absence without leave, and he had felt that those were his friends. He had once heard a drill-sergeant shout at a recruit, "Take that smile off your face," and the incident had made a deep impression on his childish mind.

I

N later years, Horry used to relate this incident to justify his hatred of militarism, saying that any system which discouraged smiling ought to be banned. There was nothing revolutionary in Horry's attitude; he only felt that soldiers, like school-masters—no doubt very good fellows in their way—were the natural enemies of those who, like himself, wanted to have fun.

Horry was younger than Garnet and older than Willie, who liked and looked up to both of them, with the respect that boys feel for immediate seniors. And they liked him. Everybody did.

Garnet felt vaguely that a rich friend might be useful to him in his career. Horry thought what a good time Willie ought to have with his money, and hoped that he might sometimes be allowed to share in it.

Willie was distressed that Garnet should have chosen to go into the R.A.M.C. He found it difficult to understand why such a big and powerful fellow as Garnet, bigger and more powerful than he would ever be, one who played football for his school and had won boxing of the Service that was not actually engaged in fighting.

"I must say," he said one day to Garnet, greatly daring, "that I shouldn't care for your job—stuck somewhere well behind the lines, cutting people's legs off, with the supply of anaesthetics always running out."

It was difficult to provoke Garnet. Conscious of his own strength and satisfied with his own wisdom, he could take as much teasing as a large St. Bernard dog. He looked at Willie with mild contempt.

"Stuck well behind the lines!" he echoed. "That's all you know about it. Perhaps you'll be surprised to learn that the only man in the Army who has won two Victoria Crosses is a medical officer."

This came as news to Willie, but he wouldn't own it, although he felt that the bottom had been knocked out of his argument.

"Yes," he said, a little flustered, "but decorations are all a matter of luck," quoting something he had heard his father say more than once. "All I meant was"—changing his ground—"that the medical profession is one thing and the military profession another, and I'd rather go in wholeheartedly for one or the other."

"Would you, indeed?" replied Garnet calmly. "Well, I prefer to go in wholeheartedly for both."

THE war went on and the boys grew up. Willie passed into Sandhurst at the earliest opportunity. His arrival there in August, 1917, coincided with a prolongation of the course, which was a cruel blow to him. It meant three further months away from the front.

He did not distinguish himself at Sandhurst except by hard work and devotion to duty. He had hitherto had very little opportunity of riding, which he now took to with enthusiasm. He was not, and never became, a fine horseman, but he knew no fear, and the frequency of his falls became a legend.

These, combined with his keen enjoyment of work and play, his easy good-nature, and his guileless modesty, made him one of the most popular cadets of his year. The fact that he had plenty of money and no hesitation in spending it may have added a little gilding to his genuine charm.

Please turn to page 47



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 20, 1951

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 45

WILLIE enjoyed that year. But one anxiety marred his happiness, and even made it difficult for him sometimes to share sincerely in the alternate rejoicing and gloom of his companions.

When, in the autumn of 1917, orders were given for the church bells to be rung in celebration of a British victory they brought no message of cheerfulness to Willie's heart, and when, in the following spring, the French and British armies were driven back, until it seemed that the retreat might turn into a rout, he could not suppress a secret thrill of satisfaction.

That England could lose the war was not a possibility that ever entered in his calculations.

What Willie feared was not defeat but that the war should end before he crossed the Channel. He had seen somewhere a book called "The War to End War." The title had sent a shiver of horror down his spine. And he had heard with deep dismay people talking about a League of Nations, which would make war impossible.

At the end of the following summer Willie left Sandhurst. He had acquitted himself with credit there, if without distinction, and he had made many friends. It was a proud day when he received his commission, and an anxious one when he presented himself to his regiment.

The regiment had suffered casualties during the enemy offensive in the spring. There was a shortage of officers in France and every reason to suppose that Willie would find his way there within two or three months.

If only the news from the front had been less favorable he would have been the happiest of men. But he consoled himself with the thought that it was only the swing of the pendulum, that pendulum which had swung so often and so far since August, 1914.

The departure of the draft was twice postponed, to his extreme annoyance, but at last the day was fixed, and Willie, who had promised to spend his last Saturday to Monday at Mrs. Osborne's, travelled down to Camberley on November 9.

Horry was there on his arrival and greeted him with a cheer.

"Hail, little Willie. The war's over, and we're both safe."

"What rot you talk!" said Willie angrily. "I rang up barracks before I left. They had heard nothing. Everything was proceeding according to plan, and the draft is leaving on Wednesday. Instructions from the War Office were to carry on."

"Oh, I don't suppose your rotten old barracks has heard anything, nor the War Office either. It took them about a year to know the war had started, and they'll go on fighting it for a year after it's over, but everybody outside the War Office has heard that the Kaiser chucked his hand in."

"You think you're very clever, Horry," said Willie, who was now flushed and heated, "but there was an officer at the club this morning, an old officer of my regiment, who did frightfully well in the Matabele war, and he's always been right about this war—Colonel Wright his name is. 'He says the Kaiser's abdication will only make the Germans fight more doggedly.'"

"All right, Willie," said Horry, seeing how deeply the other was feeling. "Three cheers for Colonel Wright, but I hope he's wrong this time. We'll drink his health in a glass of sherry, if Mum's got one, and hope for the worst."

Willie's wrath, which always went as quickly as it came, evaporated before Horry's smile, and at that moment Mrs. Osborne came into the room. She kissed the two boys with unusual warmth, and Willie noticed with surprise that there was color

in her cheeks and that her eyes were shining as they had not shone for four long years.

When Horry asked if there was any sherry in the house, she said that she had bought a bottle that afternoon and two bottles of claret.

"You'll be surprised," she added, for she saw they were, neither of them ever having seen her drink anything but water, or spend a shilling on the smallest luxury—"but Garnet may be coming to-night or to-morrow, and it will be the first family reunion we've had for so long."

Willie felt that he was not to be the hero of the evening, as he had expected, and he vaguely resented it.

"It's not only a family reunion," he said, as gaily as he could. "It's also the orphan's good-bye. I'm off to the war on Wednesday, and I've brought some champagne for you all to drink my health."

Mrs. Osborne gave him a quick look, and the light in her eyes went out for a moment.

"It was very sweet of you, Willie, to think of it," she said quietly. "We shall be very happy to drink your health, and happier still to think that the war is probably not going on much longer."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Willie, adding rather pompously. "There are, if I may say so, two schools of thought on the subject."

"One headed by Colonel Wright and the other by Colonel Wrong," sang Horry as he poured out the sherry.

SUNDAY was a day of rumors. There was nothing definite in the one newspaper which came to the house. Horry walked into Camberley while Willie played with Felicity, a beautiful, large-eyed, quiet child.

Garnet arrived in the afternoon. He was careful not to commit himself, but said that there was no doubt at all that the Kaiser had abdicated and that the German delegates had gone to meet Foch to discuss the terms of an armistice.

"After all," said Willie, "an armistice doesn't necessarily mean peace. It's only a kind of an entente."

"Quite," said Garnet, "but once the troops have stopped fighting I think it'll be very difficult to persuade them to begin again."

They drank champagne that evening, to which none of them was accustomed, and under its reassuring influence Mrs. Osborne lost her last fears that the war might continue, and Willie forgot his anxiety lest it should stop.

Willie overslept the next morning, and when he came down found the dining-room empty. Mrs. Osborne was attending to household duties. Garnet and Horry had walked into the village to collect the news. Willie felt deeply depressed.

Disconsolately he consumed the tepid remains of breakfast and strolled into the sitting-room, where he found Felicity engrossed in some obscure game with two battered dolls. She took no notice of him.

The front door was opened and slammed to with a bang. The two young men dashed into the room. Mrs. Osborne followed them, breathless.

"It's all over!" shouted Horry. "No more doubts or rumors. Official announcement. The armistice will be signed this morning at 11 a.m."

Mrs. Osborne's eyes were damp as she stretched out her hands and caught both her sons by an arm. Then she looked at Willie, and saw that his face was white and his lips were quivering.

Please turn to page 50



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Page 47

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Three hardcooked eggs; one 5 oz. jar Kraft Mayonnaise; 1 tablespoonful white vinegar; 2 tablespoons shredded cucumber; 1 teaspoon grated onion; 2 tablespoons chopped celery; 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar, grated; three medium sized potatoes, cooked and sliced; pepper and salt.

Blend vegetables, vinegar and grated Cheddar gently together with Kraft Mayonnaise. Add pepper and salt to taste. Chill, and serve in lettuce nests. Garnish with hardcooked egg halves. Serves 6 people.

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• Menus on this page are planned for the main meal of the day. They include a hot meat dish with a cold sweet to follow.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

PLANNING warm weather menus to please all members of the family is not an easy task.

Some people enjoy an all-cold dinner. Others prefer a menu which includes at least one hot dish.

If an all-cold dinner is preferred, a substantial salad containing some meat, egg, and cheese can form the main dish. However, most families have at least one hot meal a day, for which the most popular combination is a hot meat dish and a cold sweet.

In the second menu the recipe for the meat dish calls for two cups of cooked rice. If rice is not obtainable the meat can be increased to three cups, and one cup of mixed, cooked vegetables or cooked macaroni may be used.

Your dinner may be only two courses, but if it includes a wholesome meat dish, a good variety of vegetables, and a substantial sweet, your family will have a balanced meal.

The recipes given here are for homely dishes, easily prepared, reasonably economical, and at the same time rich in flavor and satisfying.

All spoon measurements are level.



TWO COURSES



STEAK AND SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

One tablespoon shortening (or bacon fat), 1 small peeled and chopped onion, 1 lb. minced topside or bladebone steak, 1½ cups cooked spaghetti, ¾ cup tomato juice, ½ cup vegetable or meat stock, 1 tablespoon blended flour, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, salt, pepper, parsley.

Brown onion in melted shortening. Add meat, stir until it changes color. Add tomato juice, stock, meat extract, salt, and pepper. Simmer 20 to 30 minutes. Stir in blended flour, continue stirring until mixture returns to boiling point, simmer further 3 to 4 minutes. Add cooked spaghetti, stir in carefully to prevent breaking the spaghetti strands into small pieces, cook another five minutes. Serve on heated meat dish, garnish with parsley, fluffed parsnip, and tomato slices.

To Prepare Parsnip Fluff: Cook 2 lb. parsnips in salted water until quite soft. Mash with a fork and beat in 1 tablespoon powdered milk, 1 tablespoon butter, and two stiffly beaten egg-whites. Re-heat and place large tablespoonfuls round meat dish.

MENU 1

Steak and Spaghetti Casserole
with Crumb-topped Tomatoes,
Parsnip Fluff
Beans and Pumpkin
Lime and Butterscotch Shape
Cheese and Celery
Coffee

CRUMB-TOPPED TOMATOES

Six or seven tomatoes, 6 tablespoons stale breadcrumbs, 2 dessertspoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 4 tablespoons grated tasty cheese, parsley sprigs to garnish.

Wash tomatoes, dry. Cut a slice from top of each, stand on greased oven tray. Combine breadcrumbs, melted butter, onion, salt, pepper, parsley, and grated cheese. Mix well and pile on top of tomatoes. Place in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until tomatoes are just tender and top lightly browned. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley sprigs.

LIME AND BUTTERSCOTCH SHAPE

One packet lime jelly crystals, ¾ pint boiling water, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 4 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water, cooked or preserved pear halves, cherries, whipped sweetened cream or substitute.

Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, allow to cool. Set ¾ in. in bottom of wetted mould and balance in wetted 7 in. sandwich-tin. Melt butter and brown sugar, add heated milk, stir well. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat yolks slightly, add caramel milk mixture, beat well. When cold add dissolved gelatine, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. When lime jelly is set in mould, pour in caramel mixture, chill until set. Unmould lime jelly in sandwich-tin on to wetted serving dish. Unmould caramel shape on to wetted plate or tin and slide carefully on to lime jelly. Decorate with cream and serve with pear halves topped with cherries.

THIS TWO-COURSE MENU for the main meal of a summer day is nourishing, and is very tempting when garnished and served attractively. It has been prepared from Menu 1 on this page.

QUICK LEMON PUDDING

One pint water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 and juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 extra tablespoons sugar, 1 7 in. cooked plain sponge, cherries or strawberries to garnish.

Bring water and sugar to boiling point with lemon rind and juice. Add blended cornflour. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, stirring to keep smooth. Cool slightly, fold in beaten egg-yolks, then butter. Pour into serving dish, allow to become cold. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Spoon in rough heaps over top of pudding. Slip under low grill or into moderate oven for a few minutes to lightly brown meringue. Serve very cold with fingers of plain sponge, and garnished with cherries or strawberries.

MADRAS CUTLETS

Two cups cooked rice or substitute, 2 cups diced cold meat, 1 grated apple, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 3 teaspoons curry powder (or more or less according to taste), squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, ¼ to 1 cup mashed potato, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, egg glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying.

Combine rice or substitute, cold meat, apple, parsley, onion, curry powder, lemon juice, tomato sauce, and mashed potato.

Season with salt and cayenne, stir over gentle heat until heated through. Turn on to plate to cool, shape a tablespoonful at a time into small cutlet shapes, using seasoned flour. Dip in egg glazing, coat with browned crumbs. Deep fry, until golden brown, in fuming fat. Drain on kitchen paper. Place a piece of macaroni in each to represent cutlet bone and decorate with cutlet frill. Serve with savory spinach, mashed potatoes, and carrot rings.

To prepare savory spinach, combine 1½ to 2 cups cooked spinach (shredded) with 2 beaten eggs and ½ cup milk. Season with salt and pepper and fill into greased casserole dish. Dot top with butter and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) until set. Serve garnished with parsley.

MENU 2

Madras Cutlets with Savory
Spinach, Mashed Potatoes
Carrot Rings
Quick Lemon Pudding
Biscuits and Cheese
Coffee

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Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 47

QUICKLY, Mrs. Osborne said, "Run upstairs, Willie dear, and see if I left my spectacles in your room."

Willie was through the door, up the stairs, and into his room in a flash. He locked the door, threw himself on the bed and burst into tears.

As he lay there sobbing, two superficial sentiments almost made him forget his deeper sorrow.

The first of these was shame that he, a grown man, holding the King's Commission, should have broken down and cried as he had never cried since he could remember. The other sentiment was one of profound gratitude to Mrs. Osborne for having saved him from disgracing himself before the others.

But he could not lie there all day blubbering like a baby. It was nearly eleven o'clock. He must go downstairs and show a brave face, not a tear-stained one, if he could help it.

Having bathed his eyes and brushed his hair, he went downstairs, hearing the hall clock strike eleven as he went. He found them in the dining-room, where Horry was too busy struggling with the recalcitrant cork of a champagne bottle to pay any undue attention to his entry.

The cork came out, followed by some of the contents of the bottle, which flowed over the tablecloth. Horry mopped up the spilt wine with his fingers, which he then rubbed behind his ears, explaining to his surprised companions that this was for luck. Then he filled the four glasses.

"Here, Willie," he said, "have a glass of your own champagne, and as you won't like to drink to peace, let's drink to the next war!"

"No," said Mrs. Osborne; "that would be wicked. Let us drink to the British Army," which they did, she adding softly to herself as the glass touched her lips, "Alive and dead."

That afternoon Horry accompanied Willie to London. The sorrows of youth, like the sorrows of childhood, although they may leave deep wounds and lasting scars, can be quickly, if only temporarily, banished by other distractions.

Among the crowds that thronged the streets that day, waving flags and cheering vociferously, there were few who waved more enthusiastically or cheered louder than Willie, who had felt a few hours earlier that there was nothing left to live for.

By dinner-time they were both exhausted, and Horry said that if Willie would pay the bill he would take him to the best restaurant in London. Willie didn't mind what he paid, and the place seemed to him very wonderful indeed.

Food was bad in those days and insufficient; sugar and butter were almost unobtainable, but what was served to the young men, seated on one of the corner sofas in a dim pink light, with music gently playing, seemed to them delectable.

Self-consciousness, the curse of English youth, fell from them, and they found words coming to them easily. Willie was able to pour forth all his sorrows, and the burden of them grew lighter for the telling. He even confessed that he had wept in his room that morning.

"I knew you had, old boy," said Horry. "We all knew, and we all thought the more of you. But don't you worry. You're not nineteen yet, and you'll be young for another twelve years. I'll bet there's another war in less time than that. You don't insist on a European war, do you? They're a sight too dangerous, in my opinion."

He continued solemnly, "You'd have much more fun unsmashing up the old Zulus or leading a cavalry charge against a pack of dancing Dervishes, like the 21st Lancers did

at Omdurman. You see, you've got a vocation, Willie. I've always felt you had. You're a born soldier. You've never dreamt of being anything else—have you? Admit it!"

Willie, who was now enjoying himself enormously, gladly admitted it.

"You may not believe it," Horry went on, "but I've got a vocation too. But mine's a secret. I don't think I can tell you because, if you have a fault, it is that you're a bit old-fashioned, and you might be shocked."

"Oh, do tell me about your vocation, Horry," said Willie. "I swear not to tell anybody."

"Well," said Horry at last, speaking with deliberation as he sipped his brandy, "it may surprise you, Willie, to learn that ever since I was ten years old I have had only one ambition in life, and that is to go on the stage."

Willie was shocked.

"You're pulling my leg?" he asked hopefully.

"I never was more serious in my life," was the reply.

"But, but," Willie stammered, "chaps like us can't be actors."

"What do you mean by chaps like us?" asked Horry scornfully.

"Well," I mean gentlemen." He could not have said it if he had been quite sober.

"There you are," exclaimed Horry. "I said you were old-fashioned. I might say you were a mob, but I know you're not. You're living in the past. Times have changed. They had changed even before the war, and they're going to change a jolly sight quicker after it."

WILLIE was not convinced, but he didn't want to quarrel to-night, or even to argue. He had always been fond of Horry, but never so fond as now, so that he allowed himself to be easily converted, and soon he was discussing with animation the kind of parts in which Horry would do best.

When they left the restaurant the Strand was quiet, although sounds of revelry came from the Mall, where the mob were burning a German cannon.

The two young men walked home arm in arm, feeling happy and very superior to the roisterers. Horry was taking his call at the end of a triumphant first night, and Willie was galloping across the veld, at the head of his regiment, under a hail of assegais.

The twenty-one years that passed between the two great wars seemed to many who lived through them to go quickly. The time certainly flowed smoothly for Willie Maryington.

When he came to look back on it all, on the eve of the second world war, he was surprised to find how few events there were that stuck out in his memory.

He remembered very well leaving for the Continent two days after the Armistice. It was the journey to which he had been looking forward for years. How different it was from all that he had imagined!

The thrill of war had been taken out of it, and there was nothing left but confusion, delay, and discomfort. Inaccurate information awaited him at every turn. The troops were moving forward as fast as he was, and much faster than correct news of their movements travelled back.

He caught them up at last, and spent some months with the army of occupation. It was a depressing and disillusioning experience. Depressing because once again he found that the happiest hours spent by his brother officers were the least happy ones for him.

Please turn to page 52

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LAYERS OF CRISP CHEESE PASTRY joined with a thin smear of fish paste and topped with creamed fish make this delicious luncheon dish. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Long green beans add interest to the platter.

Week's best recipes

- Three simple recipes, one a delicious cold sweet, win prizes for readers in this week's contest.

THE appetising fish dish which wins first prize of £5 is sufficiently satisfying to serve as a main dinner course. If gherkin vinegar (the liquid in which gherkins have been pickled) is not available, substitute lemon juice.

All spoon measurements are level.

FISH A LA CREME

One tin salmon or fish cutlets, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, pinch cayenne pepper, salt to taste, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 small onion, ½ clove garlic, 1 tablespoon gherkin vinegar, soft breadcrumbs, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Drain and flake salmon. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Stir until boiling. Add half the cheese, grated onion, and very finely minced garlic. Return to heat until cheese is melted, then add gherkin vinegar. Pour over fish in greased ovenware dish. Top with breadcrumbs mixed with balance of cheese. Dot with a little extra butter. Bake in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated and top lightly browned. Serve piping hot garnished with lemon and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Ling, 82A Westcourt Flats, Colin St., West Perth.

LIVER AND BACON SAVORY

Liver, bacon rashers, onion, potatoes, herbs, salt, pepper, soft breadcrumbs, water or meat or vegetable stock.

Wash liver well, soak ½ hour in salted water. Remove skin and mince or chop finely. Into a greased ovenware dish place alternate layers of chopped bacon (rind removed), liver, thinly sliced onion, and potato. Dust each layer very lightly with salt, pepper, and herbs, and sprinkle each layer of liver with breadcrumbs. Add sufficient water or meat or vegetable stock to thoroughly moisten. Cover dish, bake in moderate oven about 2 hours. Serve hot with vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. G. Duffus, 17 Rainbow St., Sandgate, Qld.

SMOOTH, creamy meringue, almonds, and cherries top this refreshing cold sweet of apple pulp thickened with sago and flavored with lemon and passion-fruit.



BANANA VELVET

Three or four very ripe bananas, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 packet lemon jelly, ½ pint boiling water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ pint milk, chopped walnuts.

Peel and mash bananas, rub through a coarse sieve. Add lemon juice, sugar, and beaten egg. Mix well. Dissolve jelly crystals and gelatine in boiling water. When cool and beginning to thicken beat into banana mixture. Add milk and beat until thoroughly mixed. Fill into serving dish, chill until set. Serve very cold with a topping of chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Franheim, Port Fairy Rd., Ararat, Vic.

POST-NATAL CARE OF FIGURE

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

RESTORATION of the figure to normal is one of the first things which engages the attention of the young mother after the first excitement of the arrival of her baby is over.

A slim waistline cannot be regained by a few exercises spasmodically done.

All through pregnancy special abdominal exercises should have been kept up conscientiously. Within a day or two after baby's birth the first simple post-natal exercises should be done regularly and correctly.

These can gradually be added to over a period of weeks, not only to tone up the abdominal muscles but also the breast muscles, and thus help to ensure an adequate milk supply.

A special leaflet giving simple post-natal exercises can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, by sending in a stamped, addressed envelope.

These exercises are also described and illustrated in "You and Your Baby," obtainable at the same address. Price 7/6, plus postage 4d. Please print name and address clearly in block letters.

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KOLYNOS Fights Decay Better
Tastes better—lasts longer

Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 50

THESE times would occur at evening in the mess, when the port was going round. The other officers would begin endless discussions and reminiscences of the fighting.

The war was the great subject that they had in common, and it was inevitable that they should revert to it whenever good cheer and good fellowship encouraged conversation.

Nor could they be expected to know, or, if they had known, to care that the youngest and latest joined officer should suffer from their conversation. How often Willie felt that if only he had been present at one action all would have been different.

He was disappointed also in the enemy. All his youth he had pictured these formidable people as very fierce, very brutal, very evil, very brave. What he found was a herd of lumbering louts, subservient and clumsy, sometimes sullen and surly, but more often too anxious to please.

Were these the same men, or any relation to those who had swept through Belgium almost to the gates of Paris in a few weeks, held up the Russian steam-roller, smashed the empire of the Czars, and come near to defeating the Royal Navy in the North Sea?

He could hardly believe it.

Nor was he satisfied with the spirit of his own men. He had thought to find in the regiment abroad a little less discipline, perhaps, but more enthusiasm and keenness than at home. So he had been led to expect by returning officers.

But this, if it ever had been, was no longer the case. The men were restless and discontented, talking only of the return to civilian life, speculating on how soon it would come, and complaining of the delay.

How could Willie at the age of nineteen understand that the morale of troops is better on the eve of battle than on the eve of demobilisation?

This first experience of being abroad with his regiment was not one upon which he looked back with any pleasure, and he was glad to return to England and to find himself quartered in a part of the country where good hunting was easily available.

Horses henceforward filled his life. When he was not in the saddle he was talking or thinking about them.

Every day during the winter months, that his military duties permitted, Willie would hunt, his season beginning, indeed, long before winter with the first morning's cub-hunting. Point-to-points and steeplechases were the only other amusements in which he indulged.

He bought a few jumpers and rode them in races with varying success but with unvarying enthusiasm.

Willie also took a flat in Jermyn Street and joined another club, to which his father had belonged, and where the atmosphere was very different from that of the military club to which he belonged already.

During these years, although it may be said that he had found his place in the world and was occupy-

ing it with confidence, he never forgot what he had missed, or ceased to regret it.

A chance question from a neighbor at a dinner-party, "Where were you in the war?" a chance remark from an old member in the club, "You young fellows who've been through the war," would bring back a pang of the anguish he had felt when he was first told of the Armistice.

And now that he was beginning to meet, as grown men, those who had still been at school on that day, he felt that they also had an advantage over him.

Hunting in the winter, polo in the summer, and racing all the year round demanded an income larger than Willie's, and although he was not extravagant he came gradually to understand, as the years went on, that he was living beyond his means. It therefore came to him as a relief rather than a blow when he learnt that the regiment was to go to India.

The news brought down upon him, like creditors like a swarm of locusts. He was horrified to discover how much he owed. London tradesmen are very patient with rich young officers in good regiments, but their patience comes abruptly to an end when there is any question of the young gentlemen proceeding overseas for an indefinite period.

Willie had to sell out capital in order to meet his liabilities, and discovered, as so many have before and since, that it is always the very worst moment to sell.

LOOKING back on it all, Willie remembered only some very dull conversations with solicitors which had depressed him more than the knowledge that he had to face life in future on a reduced though still adequate income.

He almost lost sight of the Osbornes during these years. Mrs. Osborne wrote to him at regular intervals, giving him full information about each member of the family.

Garnet was working in one of the large military hospitals; Horry, having done well at the Academy of Dramatic Art, was usually with some touring company in the provinces; Felicity was at school in Brussels. They all seemed very far away from the life that Willie was leading.

He saw Horry once before he left for India. He was having supper at the Savoy Grill with some brother officers after the theatre. Horry was there with a very pretty girl.

Neither Horry nor his companion was in evening clothes, which slightly distressed Willie. But the girl was lovely, and one of his companions suggested that he should invite them to join their party.

Guilelessly Willie approached them and asked: "Hallo, Horry. Won't you both come over and sit with us?"

"No, we certainly won't," said Horry gruffly.

Willie was taken aback.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because we think you'd bore us to death," said Horry.

The girl saw the hurt look on Willie's innocent face, and gave him a charming smile of compassion, which softened the blow.

Later, when he saw the two of them leaving the restaurant, he ran after them and asked Horry to lunch with him on the following day.

"No, I won't," said Horry, who still seemed unaccountably annoyed.

"Oh," said Willie, "that's too bad. I'm off to India at the end of the week, and you may never see me again."

Please turn to page 54

SOCIAL QUIZ ANSWERS

Answers to Social Quiz on page 36: 1, Your Grace, My Lord, Bishop, or Your Lordship; 2, Bridegroom; 3, Your Royal Highness; 4, "Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen"; 5, Away from you; 6, Governor-General; 7, Her own and her husband's; 8, No, it must be handwritten; 9, No; 10, Cut it into pieces and then butter it.

Rustic garden wins prize

The first of our weekly competitions for home gardeners has been won by Mrs. R. Govett, of "Shalimar," Alice Street, Grafton, N.S.W.

MRS. GOVETT lives near the famous jacaranda avenue at Grafton. Her garden is one of the many beautiful ones in the district.

In 1949 Mrs. Govett won the amateur garden competition conducted by the local horticultural society, the first of its kind held in Grafton.

The garden has a rustic setting with many fine pines intermingled with Japanese azaleas, hydrangeas, and other flowering shrubs. The lawns are beautifully kept, and provide a frame for the artistically landscaped backgrounds, which include many native trees, roses, hibiscus, rhus, cotoneasters, and shrubs.

In the centre of the back lawn is a pool which is a breeding ground for Singapore trout and goldfish.

The fernery is one of the finest in the district. It is vine-covered, and houses many splendid staghorn ferns and other shade-lovers.

Beds of cacti are planted in the hottest parts of the garden. The border beds are planted with annuals, biennials, and perennials in season.

An avenue of polyantha roses, mostly orange-tinted, lines the path-



LOVELY GARDEN POOL decorated with birds, gnomes, and pot-plants in the garden of Mrs. R. Govett, of Grafton, N.S.W., who wins this week's prize of £2/2/-.

way to the front door and sets off the rest of the front garden.

A cheque for two guineas will be forwarded to Mrs. Govett this week.

Another prize-winning photograph and story will appear in next week's issue.

Entries are invited from home gardeners in this contest.

Each week a prize of £2/2/- is offered for the best snapshot of a home garden with about 200 words description of the work done on it.

Your picture need not necessarily be of a flower garden. It may be of your window-box, rockery, water-garden, or pot-plant collection.

Photographs must be sharp and clear, not blurred or fogged.

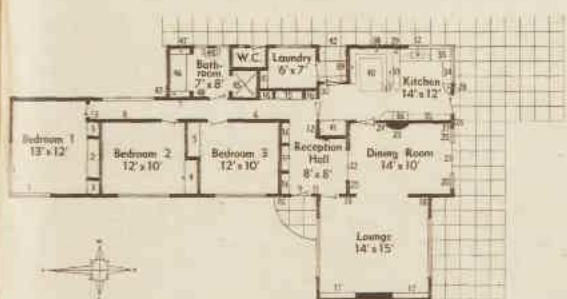
Black-and-white snapshots should be printed on glossy paper and, if possible, be accompanied by the negatives.

A special cash prize of £5 will be paid for color pictures used. Only transparencies will be accepted for snapshots in color.

Negatives and transparencies will be returned if stamped addressed envelopes accompany the entries.

Stories and pictures should be forwarded to the "Home Gardener," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Entry in our home competition



THIS HOME would cover a floor area of 1300 square feet. The construction would be in brick veneer. The plan is suitable for a 50-foot frontage block in suburbs or country.

The plan on this page was entered by a Victorian reader in our £4000 Plan-A-Home Contest.

Plans are selected each week for publication until the final judging, but they are not necessarily prize-winners.

THIS design allows for the addition, if required, of a fourth bedroom at the southern side of the bathroom, and a sun-room on the northern side of the lounge-room.

Here is a brief description of the furniture, woodwork, and color schemes.

Bedroom 1. Corner windows 1, built-in wardrobe 2, built-in alcoves 3. Furniture and woodwork are in walnut veneer. Ceiling is aqua, walls cream, wall-to-wall carpet predominantly aqua. The dressing-table stool and bedspread are of aqua satin, with matching curtains, and centre curtains in cream net.

Bedroom 2. Built-in wardrobe 4, newwood woodwork and furniture. Walls are cream and ceiling white.

The wall-to-wall carpet is in a bright floral design, the curtains and bedspreads of floral taffeta matching the upholstery of the occasional arm-chair.

Bedroom 3. Built-in wardrobe 5. Woodwork and furniture Russian oak or bleached maple. Cream walls, white ceiling, polished floors with alternate white and gold rugs, gold satin curtains with cream net centre panel, and bedspread of gold shot silk.

Reception hall and passageway. Main entry door 9, outside lantern 10, situated in wall at point 11. Wall bracket lights 6, 7, and 8 are operated by two-way switches at points 12 and 13. Cloak cabinet 14, linen cupboard 15, storage cabinets 16. Walls are panelled with selected veneers or plywoods to height of five feet, the remainder finished with white fibro-plaster. All doors lead-

ing off are in matching wood. Wall-to-wall carpet is burgundy.

Lounge. Storage wall 17, power point 18 for standard lamp. Main lighting is indirect with control switch 19. Walls and ceiling are cream, wall-to-wall carpet is burgundy, lounge suite is upholstered in burgundy velvet. Curtains, lounge cushions and hearth-rug are in mushroom-pink.

Dining-room. Half-depth windows 20, glass-panelled double doors 21, similar door 22. Electric fire 23, centre light controlled by two-way switches 27 and 28. Furniture and woodwork are in bleached mahogany. Walls and ceiling are cream, dining chairs and two spring rocker-chairs are in dull green leather, wall-to-wall carpet is burgundy, curtains are of dull green velvet.

Kitchen. Power point 29, two overhead light fittings controlled by two-way switches 28 and 30. Bench 31, stainless steel sink 32, workbench 33, cooking range 34, storage space 35, refrigerator 36, built-in bench seats 37, 38, and 39, table 40, storage space 41. Outside lantern 42. Walls are of pressed wallboard to 4ft. 6in. Remainder of walls and the ceiling are fibro-plaster. Woodwork is ivory, picked out with cherry-red. Floor is covered with ivory-and-cherry-red linoleum, benches and tables are topped with cherry-colored laminex.

Laundry. Built-in storage space 43. Plastic curtains. Cupboard for soiled linen is to be built in under table or workbench along eastern wall.

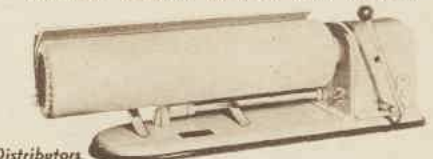
Bathroom. Pedestal basin 44, shower recess 45, bath 46, storage space 47. Bath and basin are black porcelain. Floor and walls, to a height of 4ft. 6in., are tiled in black and white. Top section of walls and the ceiling are white fibro-plaster.



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The cost of the Derman treatment—which can now be purchased from all leading pharmacists—is 18/6. If you have any difficulty in securing Derman locally, write to World Agencies Pty. Ltd., World Building, George Street, Sydney. They will forward the treatment with full instructions immediately your remittance is received.



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Operation Heartbreak

Continued from page 52

AT once, Horry's expression changed. "You're going to India?" he cried. "How was I to know? Of course I'll have lunch with you to-morrow, bless you. Sorry. I was cross. Name the time and place."

Willie suggested his club. Horry demurred.

"Wouldn't a restaurant be more fun? I tell you what, let's go to Ornano's, where we dined together on Armistice night."

And so it was agreed.

It was with mixed feelings that Willie remembered the luncheon that took place on the following day. His first impression was that Ornano's had changed.

It was no longer the magic haunt where illustrious beings consumed rare dishes and precious wines. It was a distinctly second-rate restaurant frequented by the riff-raff of Fleet Street and the Strand. The head-waiter of international renown had long ago soared to higher spheres, and the clientele had deteriorated.

Willie noticed a couple of book-makers, whom he knew, drinking champagne with two buxom blondes. He obscurely felt, although it would have been impossible for him to express the feeling in words, and he would have protested had he been charged with it, that this was a place to which he did not belong.

What was worse, he felt that Horry did belong to it. Horry ordered a "gin and it" as though he were at home, and Willie felt he was being pompous when he said he would prefer a glass of sherry.

Horry was not unaware of the impression that Willie was receiving.

"This place has gone down a bit, but I still like it. You meet all sorts here, and the grub's good; but of course it's not the place it was in the days of Luigi."

"Why were you so cross with me last night?" asked Willie.

"It wasn't you, old boy; it was your friends. I know the type—more money than brains—stroll into the Savoy Grill half-tight and think they can pick up any girl they see there."

"No, no," Willie protested indignantly, "they're not like that at all. They're very good chaps; all in my regiment. I told them I knew you, and they said couldn't we all get together and have a jolly evening."

"Yes, and you probably told them I was on the stage, and they assumed she was, too, and they thought because she was an actress one of them might go home with her."

Willie indignantly denied the accusation.

"Look here," said Horry. "Supposing they'd met another fellow in the regiment, one of their own sort, out with his sister, and supposing she'd been a pretty girl, do you think they'd have suggested joining up?"

"Yes," said Willie, candidly, "I think they would."

"Well, I don't," retorted Horry, "and that's what made me so angry. Perhaps I was wrong, but you know what esprit de corps is—honor of the regiment and all that sort of twaddle. Well, we people on the stage feel about our profession as you do about yours, and however it may have been in the past, our morality in these days is just as good as anyone else's—better, perhaps, because we work harder."

"So it makes me mad with rage when people treat actresses as though they were all no better than they should be. And that was what I felt was happening last night. The girl I was with is an actress, as a matter of fact, and she happens to be an angel—happily married; her husband's playing lead in a first-

rate show on tour, and she may be getting a West End job."

He added: "I adore her, but I'm not in love with her. I've never even held her hand in the taxi. So you can imagine what I feel when I think people are treating her like a tart."

"Yes, I think I can," said Willie, "but really you're wrong about the soldiery. None of us were tight last night, and if you had come over to our table you would have had nothing to complain of; everybody would have treated her just like a lady."

"Just like a lady," echoed Horry, "but she is a lady! And much more of a lady than lots of the melancholy sisters of second-rate Army officers that I've met."

"Of, for heaven's sake, don't get angry again," said Willie. "You know jolly well that I didn't mean it that way. I meant they would treat her just the same as anybody else."

Horry recovered his good temper without much difficulty, and they talked of other matters. There was no more quarrelling, but the conversation was not what it should have been between two foster-brothers on the eve of a long separation.

They clung rather desperately to family matters, both feeling conscious of the lack of other topics. There were jokes about old Garnet, speculations on Felicity's future, slight anxieties about Mrs. Osborne's health.

But when these subjects were exhausted and they tried to talk of themselves, they were both conscious that there was a mutual lack of interest. They had no friends in common. Horry cared nothing about the Army and as little about horses. Willie tried valiantly to discuss the theatre, but his interest in it was limited to musical comedy and revue.

He hadn't seen the plays that Horry talked of, nor even heard the names which he mentioned with the greatest respect. So that they were both secretly glad when the meal was over, although they were both sincerely sorry to say good-bye.

To be continued

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Alice in Bond's Undieland!

Adventure No. 3

"Oh dear, Oh dear," said the White Rabbit. "My children grow so fast that they've hardly got a stitch to their backs. I try so hard to be a good mother, but just look at their vests, way up under their arm-pits. Now don't tell me it's my own fault, or I'll burst into tears."

"Oh, don't do that, please," said Alice. "I wouldn't like you to cry. Look, I've got a present for you in my little bag."

"A present?" said the White Rabbit. "But it isn't my birthday."

"Oh, but this is an un-birthday present," said Alice. "The kind of present you can give on 364 days of the year when

it ISN'T your birthday. It's the kind of present my Mummy gives to ME."

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- eggs contain all the known vitamins, except vitamin C!
- eggs contain every essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

Recognised by science as the most nearly perfect food available — completely balanced and readily digested — EGGS contain twice as much body-building protein as any other food. In addition, EGGS contain every known mineral including iron in a form that is especially suited to the rapid formation of rich, red blood. EGGS also contain every known vitamin except vitamin C, making them the perfect protective food. So for quicker, more nourishing meals, serve EGGS more often on your table.

To prolong freshness store in a cool place
Order Extra EGGS this week!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORIZED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS' COUNCIL

Mummy's using
New Persil for
whitest whites
brightest colours

... and she knows
it's *gentle* too!

Care for your fine fabrics
this easy New Persil way...

Fine fabrics and washable colours need gentle care. And there's no better way of caring for your fine things than by washing with gentle New Persil suds. Simply use enough New Persil in luke-warm water to give a good lather. It's a gentle lather — for Persil suds are a special blend of pure soap and oxygen which float through the weave removing all the dirt with utmost

gentleness. Squeeze the fine things quickly and gently in the Persil suds—then rinse and squeeze without twisting or wringing. New Persil works so thoroughly, so gently, that dainty things are in the water for the shortest possible time. Washed in Persil they stay soft and new-looking. Try it and see for yourself the difference that Persil makes to your wash!



NEW PERSIL FOR
DISHWASHING TOO!

New Persil's busy suds get to work in a jiffy dissolving grease. Your dishes come out gleaming... what's more, with Persil so gentle, hands are so safe.

HAVE YOU COME AROUND TO NEW PERSIL YET?